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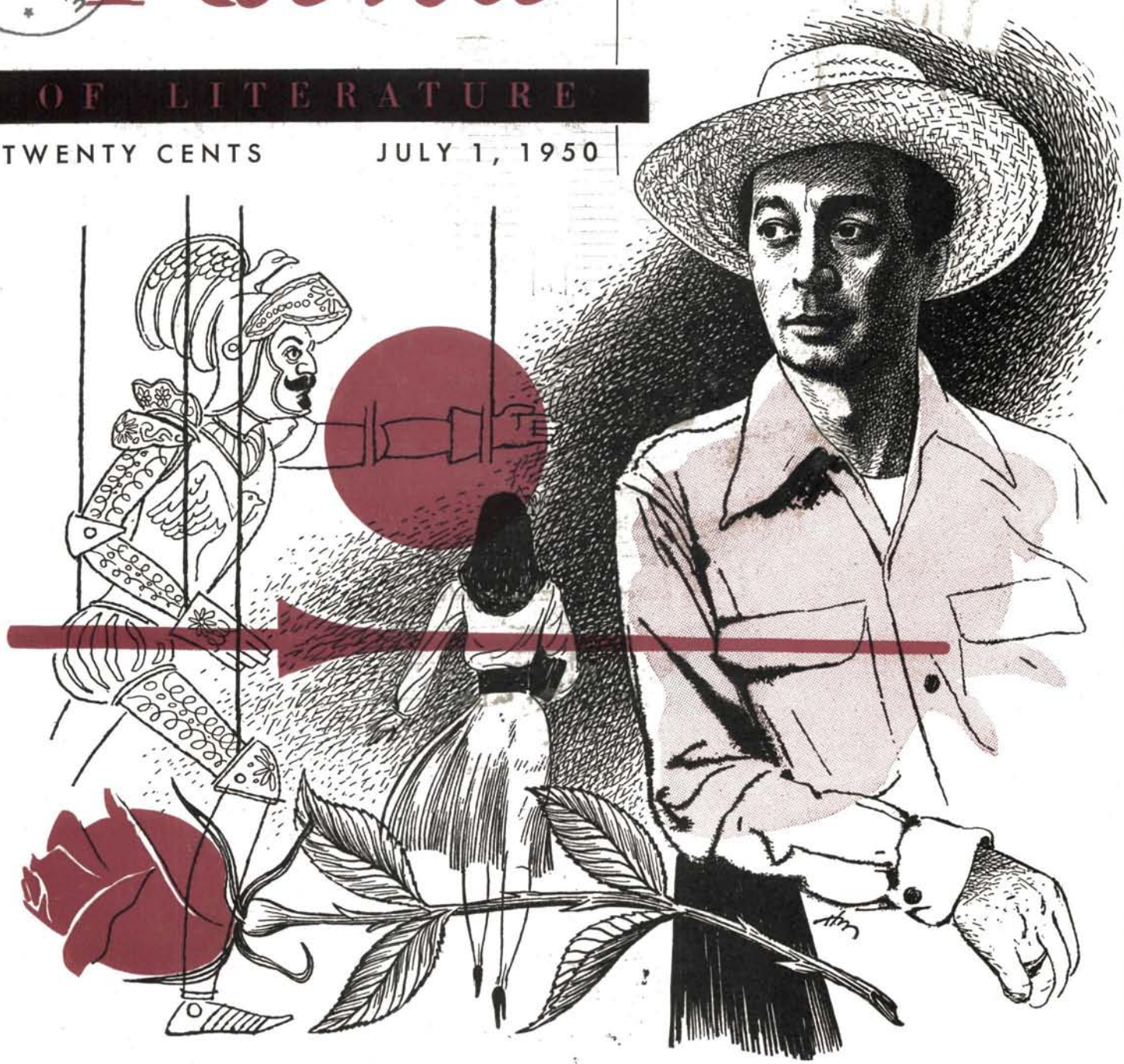

Jerre Mangione, author of "Reunion in Sicily." (See page 8)

America Can Win the Peace

BY DOROTHY FISCHER

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TRADE Winds

CORN—BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

IT'S TIME AGAIN for the semi-annual roundup of stories the midtown anecdotards have been telling with some success in recent months. My secretary, Jezebel, who grows fresher with the years, says they're particularly appropriate for the Fourth, since at the very least it's the fourth time she's heard them. Any more talk like that and off she goes in a trade to Ben Huebsch, the Viking pun-dit.

Our lead story sounds as though it came straight from the headquarters of the Republican National Committee:

It was a day late in 1980, when socialized medicine had become the law of the land. A man was seized with a violent cramp in his stomach and sought relief at the modern white structure erected for the purpose in his home town. Upon entering the building, he found himself in a hall with two doors. One was marked "Male," the other "Female." Naturally, he entered the door marked "Male."

He found himself in a room with two doors. One was marked "Over 21," the other "Under 21." Since he was fifty-two, he entered the door marked "Over 21."

He found himself in a room with two doors. One was marked "Serious Illness," the other "Minor Indisposition." Since he was doubled up with pain by this time, he staggered through the door marked "Serious Illness."

He found himself in a room with two doors. One was marked "Democrats," the other "Republicans." Since he had voted a straight Republican ticket all his life, he entered the door marked "Republicans" — and found himself out on the street. . . .

THE FORD COMPANY reports that the owner of one of its spanking new 1950 models set out from his home in Newark, headed for a vacation in the White Mountains, and tarried for lunch in Boston. After a long search for a parking space he found an opening that barely sufficed between two imposing limousines and after a great deal of jockeying succeeded in wedging his car therein. When he alighted, however, he found that the rear left wheel was a good two feet up on the sidewalk. Too overheated and hungry to rectify the situation, he shrugged his shoulders and let the car stay that way, hoping the Boston constabulary would note the out-of-state license plate and overlook his sin. His hope was not in vain. When he returned from lunch this neatly printed note was tucked beneath his windshield wiper: "Dear New Jerseyite: In Boston one does not park upon the sidewalk. Sincerely yours, Sergeant Murphy." . . .

Another motorist ran afoul of the law in a less hospitable town than Boston and the demon astride the motorcycle who pulled him in marched him before the local magistrate. "He was doing sixty," reported the cop. "A base canard," declared the motorist. "I never got her up above forty." His wife chipped in, "He wasn't going faster than twenty-five." A friend who had been riding in the back seat added, "Why, we were virtually at a standstill when this officer arrested us." "Stop! Stop!" pleaded the magistrate, "before you folks back into something." . . .

"Speaking."

AT BILL MILLER'S Riviera night club, atop the Palisades, crooner Tony Martin pointed out that a starring career in Hollywood was fraught with pitfalls. "One day," he argued, "you're making love to Betty Grable, Linda Darnell, or Wanda Hendrix and the next day, poof! You're a has-been." "Ah," sighed Miller, "but look where you has been." . . . A GI from Oklahoma, narrates Steve Cochran, was engaged in hand-to-hand combat with a Jap. As they threshed about in the jungle the GI gasped, "Where you hail from, mister?" The Jap answered, "Yokohama." "Holy smoke," said the GI. "What are we fightin' fo'? Ah'm from Tulsa." . . .

A NINE-YEAR-OLD GIRL became so enamored of adventure tales and tabloids that she neglected everything to concentrate on reading. Her room became an unholy mess, and all of her mother's exhortations fell on deaf ears. One afternoon, however, the mother returned home to find her daughter's room as spic-and-span as the operating theatre of a big hospital. Not one thing was out of place. "How wonderful!" she exclaimed. "What got into you?" "I've realized how important housework is," the daughter informed her. "I read in the paper where two ladies got a year apiece in jail—just for keeping a disorderly house." . . .

OUT MINNESOTA WAY folks pay a lot of attention to their legendary hero, Paul Bunyan. As a matter of fact, prizes are given every year to the people who contribute the most ingenious new "tall tales" about his exploits. A recent winner was Mr. Harold B. Jennings, of Brainard, Minn. Here's his story:

One day Paul Bunyan was strolling through the North Woods followed by his faithful blue ox, Babe. Paul had a wanderlust. A tourist had told him the story of how George Washington had thrown a dollar across the Potomac. Paul allowed as how he'd like to take a crack at this game him-

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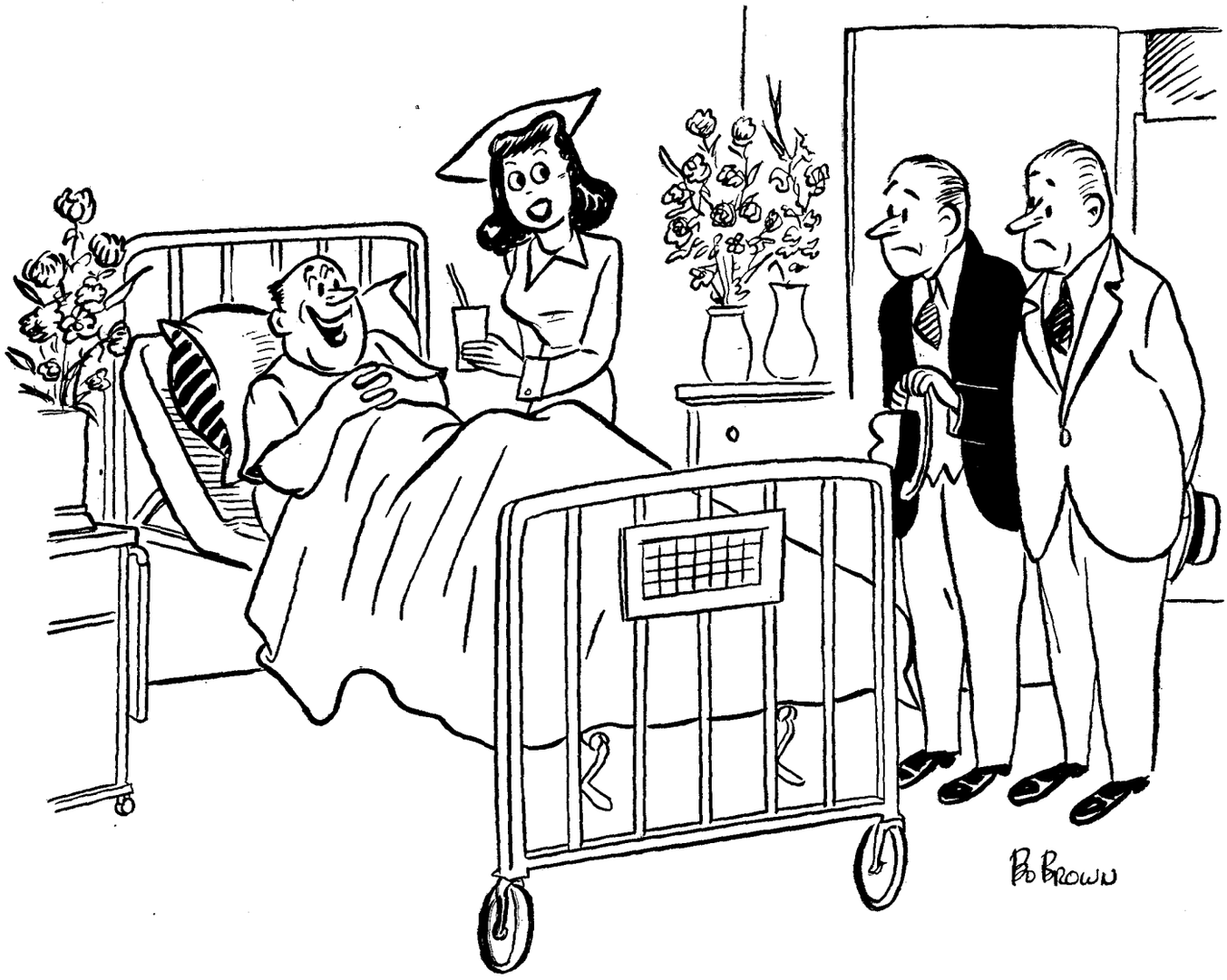

"I'm not sick—I won two weeks of this on a book-quiz show!"

self. Packing himself a small lunch of five roasted pigs, twenty-five ducks, and forty bushels of wild rice, Paul headed east. He wasn't sure he'd know the Potomac but decided he'd keep his eye open for the biggest river in the East. When he finally saw a great expanse of water he was sure it was the Potomac. He didn't have a dollar but found a farmer's wagon and removed the four wheels. To his embarrassment, the first two wheels landed in the water but on his last two tries there was no splash of water, only a cloud of dust as they landed on the opposite shore.

And so, to this day, two farmers in a coastal village in France talk about how a couple of wagon wheels suddenly descended upon them from out of the sky. Paul Bunyan never knew that he had mistaken the Atlantic Ocean for a river. . . .

S. TUPPER BIGELOW, of Toronto, relays the tale of a young doctor who hung up his shingle in a small town and waited for his first patient. Some days later one arrived—covered from head to foot with an angry, dangerous-looking rash. The puzzled young medico hastily consulted his textbooks but could find no help there. Finally he said to the patient, "Did you ever have this affliction before?" "Oh, sure, Doc," the patient replied. "I've had it twice before." "Well, damnation," diagnosed the doctor, "you've got it again." . . .

HAPPY MEMORIES. . . When Ed Wynn played a waiter in "Manhattan Mary" and a customer demanded lamb chops au gratin Wynn shouted to the kitchen, "Cheese it, the chops." . . . When Eddie Cantor told a pair of worn-out acrobats, who invariably closed the show in the old two-a-day line-ups, "Boys, if you ever expect to get anywhere in this profession you'll have to dream up a new finish for your act." "New finish!" echoed one of the acrobats indignantly. "Nobody's waited to see the old one yet." . . . When pharmacist Sherman of the Weylin met an old customer on Madison Avenue and asked, "Well, Henry, did that mud-pack I suggested improve your wife's appearance?" and the customer answered, "It did for a couple of days but then it wore off." . . . When the law firm of Button, Button, Button & Button took in a new partner named Zipper. "Yes," he explained, "I have replaced one of the Buttons." . . . When Bob Sherwood first told the one about the ultimate in mixed emotions: a man watching his mother-in-law drive over the edge of a precipice in his new Cadillac convertible. . . . And that wonderful moment in "Jumbo" when Jimmy Durante tried to steal an elephant. A cop caught him leading the ponderous pachyderm out of the tent and demanded, "Hey, watcha doin' with that elephant?" The Schnozzola—heaven bless and keep him—assumed an air of outraged innocence and protested, "*What* elephant?"

—BENNETT CERF.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

America Can Win the Peace

LOUIS FISCHER

—*Bachrach.*

Louis Fischer

THE OTHER night, following a lecture, a member of my audience asked if anyone really understood our foreign policy. There were so many contradictions in the things we said and the things we did, he went on, that he had given up the attempt to comprehend America's purpose in the field of foreign affairs.

Another questioner at the same lecture wanted to know why it was that so few books were available which attempted to explain to the responsible American citizen what our foreign policy was or should be. Back in the Thirties, he said, scarcely a month passed without the publication of several important books interpreting or analyzing America's world role. Yet today, when the stakes are infinitely larger, there are few books which contribute to an informed American public opinion on our foreign policy.

Both these questions, it seems to me, reflect a general confusion and uncertainty in America today over our relationship to the rest of the world and our responsibility in meeting the threats to the peace. This article is an effort to examine the foundations of an American foreign policy. It is also an effort—perhaps presumptuous—to present in rough outline some ideas that might go into dealing with this general subject.

* * *

What should be the purpose of the foreign policy of the United States?

Should it be anti-Communism? We combat Stalin and bolster Tito. Both are Communists.

Should it be pro-capitalism? We subsidize capitalist countries and we also reinforce the Socialist governments of Great Britain, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Burma.

Should it be pro-democracy? We support many democracies as well as the dictatorships in Portugal and Yugoslavia. Some of those who bridle at American aid to Tito would help Franco, whose one-party tyranny is as tough as Tito's.

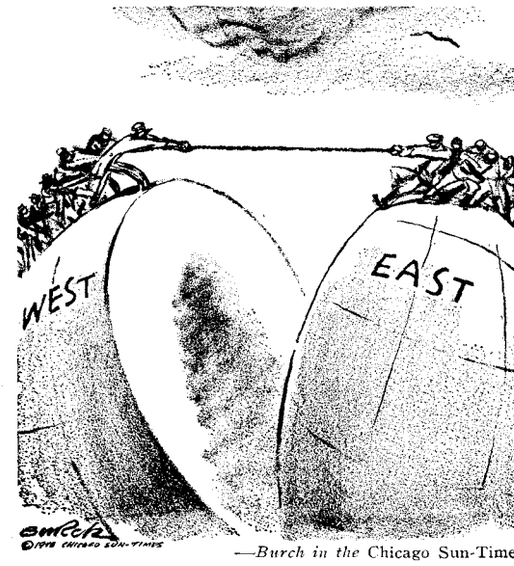
American foreign policy today is thus pro- and anti-Communist, pro- and anti-capitalist, pro- and anti-democracy. Does this mean that the right hand of the State Department does not know what its left hand is doing? Does this reflect confusion in Washington?

I think not.

American foreign policy is attuned to national security rather than to class interests and ideology. The only situation which could drag the United States into war or endanger its safety is Soviet aggression, and the State Department, therefore, devotes its major effort to the frustration of Moscow's expansionist tendencies. It does this, at the moment, by strengthening all those countries that lie athwart the path of a possible Soviet push. The nations strengthened may have different social systems and political ideologies but if they form a barrier to Soviet im-

—*Scott Long in the* Minneapolis Tribune.

"Study in Frustration."



—*Burch in the* Chicago Sun-Times.

"Tug of (Cold) War."

—*Justus in* The Minneapolis Star.

"Better Late Than Never?"

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perialism they make a contribution to world peace and thereby earn Washington's blessing and bounty.

Individual Americans, including men high in the Truman Administration, may shrink from the idea of pouring American money into the exchequers of Socialist or not-too-democratic states. But they know that if for want of American dollars the Laborite and reactionary regimes of non-Soviet Europe collapsed, Russia would have Europe and a Russo-American war would become inevitable.

The United States went into the First and Second World wars and England fought Napoleon, the Kaiser, and Hitler for the same reason: to prevent one nation from dominating Europe. If today the Soviet Union threatened to conquer Europe (which in present circumstances would mean Asia, too) the national defense of America would be menaced and the United States would feel compelled to go to war with Stalin as it did twice with Germany.

To build a wall against Soviet expansion is thus to stop a third world war. But it is not always possible to choose one's building materials; you accept what is available. Some stones are pink, some red, some gray, some black. The question is whether the stones can be integrated into a bulwark.

EVERYBODY agrees that the Second World War started when Japan invaded Manchuria in 1931. The great powers should have resisted Japan, it is now said. But in 1931 Manchuria was ruled by Chang Sueh-liang, a ruthless dictator. Yet the defense of Chang might have stopped Japan and thereby stopped the landslide which led to the attack on Pearl Harbor.

Similarly, Abyssinia was a backward, slave-holding kingdom when Mussolini assailed it in 1935. Yet democratic action on behalf of Abyssinia would have checked the forces that made the Second World War.

To abandon an area to totalitarian aggression because it has little or no freedom is to condemn it to protracted slavery and, in addition, to hasten the coming of war. Irrespective of the nature of a regime, therefore, it must be shielded from a foreign assault. The marked victim of aggression, however, should not only be saved; it should be led toward freedom. The two processes are related, for democracy is relaxation (dictatorship is tension) and relaxation comes with peace. In Greece and Turkey the alchemy of Truman's gold-transfusions is converting reactionary systems to liberalism; the trend in Greece began after the civil war was ended; it could not have started during the fighting or when the country expected the struggle. Likewise in Turkey American subsidies have given the population an inner confidence in the face of undisguised Soviet designs. And aid from the big Atlantic democracy creates a democratic noblesse oblige.

Thus a foreign policy dedicated to antiaggression and peace promotes democracy and undermines Communism. On the other hand, a policy vociferously avowing its anti-Communism may defeat itself and for this reason:

When the United States declares that it is engaged in an ideological battle to stem world Communism it conveys the impression abroad that this is an American struggle for the survival of private capitalism. Europeans and Asians often draw the conclusions that they can be neutral in this contest, which is primarily, they gather, a clash between the class philosophies of Bolshevik Russia and conservative America.

Emphasis on anti-Communism suggests to the outside world that America has launched a crusade to exterminate an enemy of the economic status quo. That theme is then expertly embellished by the Communists to prove that Wall Street is on the warpath against the Kremlin and wants Europe and Asia to pull its ideological chestnuts out of the cold-war fire.

But if the stress of Washington's propaganda were on American detestation of aggression because it leads to war the people of the Eastern hemisphere would quickly and easily see that this is their fight, for they will be the first targets of a Soviet attack. They would also see that in opposing Russia America is helping them, not using them. This would allay widespread suspicion of and hostility to the United States in countries which have received hundreds of millions of dollars from the U. S. Government and from generous American individuals.

Neither the past nor present conduct of the masters of Europe and Asia has taught those continents to believe that any government behaves unselfishly; they are accordingly easy converts to the facile Communist thesis that America is building them up for slaughter in another war to be waged for the preservation of American capitalism.

Yet the truth is that in reinvigorating the nations imperiled by Soviet imperialism the United States is saving those nations from death while at the same time legitimately safeguarding its own security and preventing the third world war.

Europe and Asia and part of Africa have known war at its bloodiest and the word "peace" exercises a potent magic over them. The Communists have captured the word and misshaped it into a mask to conceal the expansionist proclivities and activities of the Russian State and its foreign Communist puppets.

The facts, properly explained, would make America the synonym of peace. But the strident anti-Communist Voice of America gives the Communists and their collaborators a golden opportunity to say that America refuses, because it is capitalist, to live amicably with the Communist third

(*Continued on page 37*)

Books and American Foreign Policy

IN THE FIRST few years after the Second World War most books published in the USA underestimated the drive and menace of Soviet imperialism. Thus: "Speaking Frankly," by ex-Secretary of State James F. Byrnes (Harper & Bros., 1947), after presenting valuable data on United States negotiations with Moscow, ended on the naive assumption, unwarranted at the time, that it would not be too difficult to dislodge Russia from her newly-acquired colonies in Eastern Europe. Mrs. Vera Micheles Dean in "The United States and Russia" (Harvard University Press, 1947) took a tolerant on-the-one-hand-and-on-the-other-hand attitude toward the evils of Soviet expansion. And Edward Crankshaw's "Russia and the Russians" (Viking Press, 1948) made the startling, even frivolous suggestion that if the United States, the Soviet Government, and the United Kingdom bossed the world in triune harmony "love" of Russia would be easy.

More recently books on international relations tend to stress the ideological differences between Communism and the Western world. "How Foreign Policy Is Made," by Kurt London (D. Van Nostrand Co., 1949), falls into this category. "War or Peace," by John Foster Dulles (The Macmillan Co., 1950), however, delicately balances the factors of direct Soviet aggression by military force and indirect ideological aggression by Communist infiltration. Yet no book has awakened the American public to the realization that the Russian Government can be anti-Communist when Communists resist its imperialistic domination. That is the lesson of Tito's defection.

—LOUIS FISCHER.

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Italy. *Four books on Italy occupy our attention this week. Undoubtedly destined to be the most widely read is Jerre Mangione's "Reunion in Sicily," in which, as Henry James Forman remarks in his review, those rare attributes good taste and the gift of good prose are happily mingled. The legendary beauty and present acute distress of his "liberated" ancestral island come feelingly alive in the pages of this delightful successor to his popular "Mount Allegro." Mangione's book serves well as an introduction to Giuseppe Marotta's pleasing and colorful "San Gennaro Never Says No" (or, perhaps, the order should be reversed). For both books seem to have caught the struggle under the sun that shines so brightly over Sicily and Naples alike. As final flavoring we have journalist Cecil Roberts producing one of the best of the books about Rome. And for the traveler, literary or otherwise, there is Horace Sutton's guidebook "Footloose in Italy."*

Once the Playground of the Gods

REUNION IN SICILY. By Jerre Mangione. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 288 pp. $2.75.

By Henry James Forman

IF AN American of foreign descent, as so many of us are, wishes to return to the home of his ancestors and see how they tick, the island of Sicily was made to order as that home. The people are colorful, homogeneous, loyal, talkative, fiercely proud, and "blood poor." They are convinced that only a Sicilian man can think straight, that only a Sicilian girl makes the best of wives, that Sicilian blood is a priceless essence. Mr. Mangione was born of Sicilian parents in Rochester, New York. He had already written about Sicilians in America. After the war he went to the ancestral island to write about Sicilians in Sicily.

His resulting book, "Reunion in Sicily," makes easy and delightful reading. Mr. Mangione happens to possess not only good taste but the gift of good prose, none too common now in any land. He is a young man. But as a girl of Sicilian parentage he meets on the steamer informs him, "We Sicilians are born old, wise—and worried."

They are. But they are the gayest of worried people in Europe. Like other old races, and particularly Mediterranean races, they can be lighthearted in the midst of misery and joke at their own expense. They have long since discovered that to be somber only makes the face long. They have been through a war—yes. But they have been through so many wars. Everybody has conquered Sicily. Nobody has conquered the Sicilians. Their ancestry is so mixed no analytical chemist could possibly identify its elements. Scratch a Sicilian and you may find a Phoenician, a Moor, a Norman, almost everything. But the ancestry they are proudest of is that of ancient Hellas. For was this not Magna Graecia? The Greek colonies of the ancient world on this island were the American Colonies of their time. They achieved a wealth, an ease of life, a luxury that surpassed in many respects the motherland. Plato was a little snobbish about them. But, then, they almost kept him a prisoner there, simply because they did not want to let him leave. They could produce Olympic athletes and speedy horses but not Platos.

Today, as Mr. Mangione found, they are not thinking much about either race horses or Plato. They are concerned about a competent government that might bring them a decent economic condition. They are so desperately poor—and resentful. Relative after relative—nearly the whole population is related to Mr. Mangione—demands: "If the Americans did not want to govern us why did they conquer us?" Their experience of conquerors does not square with our idealistic way of liberating a people for self-government. When Mr. Mangione tried to explain this to them they were too polite to tell him that he was talking through his hat. They changed the subject.

But as relatives they were fiercely loyal to their American nephew, cousin, or whatnot. They numerously met him on station platforms and showed a possessive devotion to his blood. When at Agrigento he was about to go to a hotel an uncle indignantly protested: "Please stop talking to me as if we were strangers. How can you possibly suggest such

THE AUTHOR: It was salting a canteloupe to put an Amish hat on Jerre (Gerlando Amoroso) Mangione, but the portraitist thought it made him look more Sicilian—and perhaps less like a copywriter who spends hours in the library digging up Ripley-like intelligence. ("Did you know that during the French Revolution children used to play with miniature guillotines?") Anyway, since his mid-teens, when he was an extra in stock and chorus boy in "Sally," he's had a flair for the dramatic. Just recently the Experimental Theatre in Philadelphia, where he lives, presented a playscript of his "Mount Allegro," a sunny reminiscence of the *paisanos* in Rochester, N. Y., now undergoing further refinements by him and Edwin Peeples for who knows what glossier boards. Mangione's first paid writing assignments (at age ten) were ghosted love letters for ardent relatives, a precocity that flowered from insatiable reading—"most of it in the seclusion of bathrooms and under beds, because my family had the notion that too much reading would lead to insanity." At Syracuse University he founded and edited the *Chap Book* and after graduation got a job with *Time* "to write articles for the Business and Finance page, on the grounds that since I knew nothing about the subject I would be able to treat it interestingly." No criterion that, he was soon freed for handsomer rewards elsewhere, among them with publisher R. M. McBride, the U. S. Resettlement Administration, Census Bureau, Federal Writers' Project, Department of Justice, and Immigration and Naturalization Service. He also visited Sicily twice, contributed book reviews, articles, and stories to New York newspapers and national magazines, and published "The Ship and the Flame," a novel. And he'd still rather waltz than write. To avoid buckling down to that one can, he asserts, "accomplish almost anything." —R. G.

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a thing?" "I may stay a year," said Mr. Mangione. "Stay ten years," said the uncle and the argument was closed.

Then he began to absorb the beauty of Sicily, which is legendary, and the distress of Sicily, which is acute. Numerous as are the books about Sicily, it always seems new with every new book. It is now a quarter of a century since this reviewer wrote about that sea and sky and the matchless beauty of the land itself. But to read about it afresh in a well-written book is a memory-stirring experience. Are those Greek temple ruins still as perfect and are the golden mimosa trees as ever-lovely? No book can really convey the feel of that landscape, once the playground of the gods. The joy of life finds its proper theatre here and some day the present Sicilians will yet emerge from their distress.

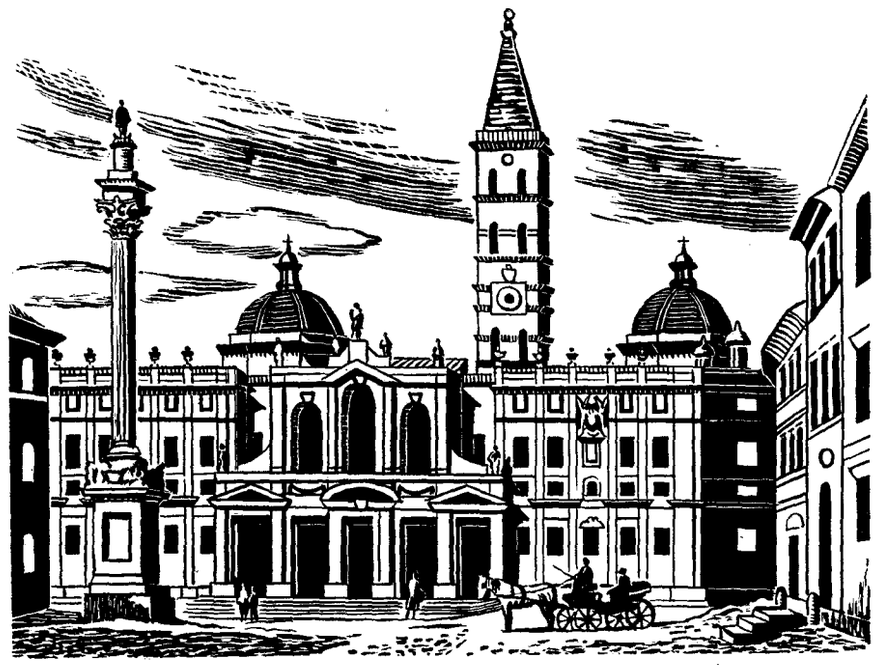
The distress originates not in nature but in man. As a certain Don Gaetano, a retired custom shoemaker of Rochester, said:

> Politically we do not know where we are going. That is why we have so many political parties and why, instead of trusting any of our leaders, we spend most of our time throwing mud at them. Our experience with Fascism has made us men of bad faith. We don't believe anyone. We don't believe anything. We measure other men by the bad faith in our hearts.

That is why so many parties bedevil them and so many slogans confuse them. Here are some Mr. Mangione copied from a single wall: "Viva Comminismo." "Viva Separatismo." "Viva Socialismo." "We Want an American Sicily!" "Sicily—the 49th American State." "Vote for the Monarchy." "Viva DDT."

America, despite the work of the bombers on what Churchill called the soft underbelly of Europe, has left a lingering nostalgia in the hearts of many Sicilians. Some, as we see, want Sicily to become the Forty-ninth state of the Union. But many of the young women who had become friendly with American soldiers live with the hope that either the soldiers will return to claim them or that they themselves can go to America. Otherwise life seems to them hopeless. It is so even with the young men. Mr. Mangione asked Dante, a cousin of his, what he could send him from the United States. The cousin shouted: "Hedy Lamarr!"

Altogether Mr. Mangione has written a sincere, a readable, and a useful book. In its way it is a contribution not alone to the literature of travel, but to the feeling of responsibility to which we must more and more awaken.



Naples & the Eternal City

SAN GENNARO NEVER SAYS NO. By Giuseppe Marotta. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 255 pp. $3.

AND SO TO ROME. By Cecil Roberts. New York: The Macmillan Co. 284 pp. $5.

By Lawrence Grant White

HERE in "San Gennaro Never Says No" is the Naples of the pungent alleys inhabited by the desperately poor, who in their losing struggle for existence are obliged to exercise their native talent for swindling and thievery. But the squalor is bathed in Neapolitan sunlight, just as the sordid tales themselves are illuminated by the author's brilliant presentation.

Giuseppe Marotta is a journalist, born in Naples, who has recently returned there after twenty years' absence in the North of Italy. He is a good reporter; in search of copy he masqueraded as an employee of the gas company and interviewed the inhabitants of the slums while he was taking down the pitifully small readings of their gas meters. He talked to the fishermen — those who fish legitimately with nets and also the "bombardiers," who fish illegally with dynamite; with the cab drivers and the black marketeers, and with "King Giuseppe," the beneficent ward politician who helps the poor with money and food and lodging. From each he gets a good story, which he tells with gusto in an intimate, colloquial style, without any pretentious trimmings.

It is a pleasant book to read, a book of the moment, giving a contemporary picture in which, perhaps, the local color may be laid on with too heavy a brush. But how can one describe Naples in black and white? Naples is the most superlatively colorful of all cities. Her sky and her sea are the bluest, her sunsets the pinkest and purplest, and even Neapolitan ice cream, to be found all over the world, is the closest possible approximation of the solar spectrum.

Naples was at her colorful best a few days after the city was taken by the Allies, when a pyrotechnic display was staged simultaneously by God and man. Seen from the terrace of the Palazzo Donn' Anna, the night sky was darkened by a pall of smoke, forty thousand feet high, from Vesuvius; in the smoke were periodical explosions of lava and bursts of lightning. From the crater cherry-red rivers of lava were streaming slowly down the mountain side, engulfing villages in their path. Then came an air raid and hell let loose from the antiaircraft batteries, the oerlikons casting necklaces of blazing rubies across the diamond sunbursts of the high-altitude shrapnel. This was the usual spectacular pattern of air raids but what made it unforgettable were the matchless stage settings of the Bay and the contrast between the

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full-scale eruption of Vesuvius and the feeble efforts of man.

In Naples one must be prepared for the improbable and the fantastic. Thus when the British Navy went to take formal possession of the island of Capri various delegations were lined up on the quay to welcome them as liberators. But the last delegation — that of the military commandant — informed them that the island had been surrendered on the previous day to an American naval officer. And what was his name? Why, it was Lieutenant Commander Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (It is barely conceivable that this historical event may have been recorded for posterity in motion pictures.) And what was the name of the Italian naval commander at Capri? It was, so help me, Michelangelo Buonarotti.

* * *

CECIL ROBERTS is a cultivated and witty Englishman who recently revisited Rome after an interval of thirty years. He says that he felt it a piece of effrontery to add another book to the many thousands about the city but he need have no misgivings for his "And So to Rome" is one of the best of the lot. Rome is the most overwhelming of all cities and no one book can attempt to describe it. But Mr. Roberts has been singularly successful in capturing its flavor by selecting a few widely varied historical anecdotes and telling them in a vivid and polished style.

His best chapter gives the curious story of the twilight of the Stuarts. Bonnie Prince Charlie had become an elderly brutal sot, "drunk half the day and mad the other half," so that his "Queen," the beautiful Countess of Albany, whom in his mad fits of intoxication he beat and occasionally tried to choke, took as her lover the brilliant poet Count Alferi. Emperors, princes, popes, artists, and saints are vividly evoked. The excellent illustrations are not always chosen with discrimination. One would gladly exchange the exasperatingly familiar pictures of the Castel St. Angelo and the Roman forum for a portrait of Federigo Gonzaga or the elderly Charles Stuart. The fine portraits of the Countess of Albany and Thomas William Coke add such interest to their story that one wishes there were more like them.

In addition to the Stuarts, the author has selected many other English historical characters who have taken part in the Roman pageant, such as Cardinal Wolsey, who, magnificent as always, entertained sumptuously in the Palazzo Giraud. There are also descriptions of more recent entertainments that struck a nostalgic chord for your reviewer, who luckily took part, on the eve of the First World War, in some of the last of these displays of another era.

The grandeur that was Rome was very grand indeed. The Doria palace covers nearly as much ground as the Coliseum; the "Salone d'Ecole" in the Farnese Palace was made the exact width of the nave of old St. Peter's so that its oak trusses dating from the time of Constantine could be used again. These trusses served their purpose for a thousand years but, alas, were cut up into firewood during the First World War.

Just as the Roman earth will yield antique fragments when its surface is disturbed, so one who spends some time in Rome is sure to find himself in some startling contact with the past. Thus when I was entering the Farnese Palace one day in 1914 the superb porter (who bore — legitimately or not — one of the great Roman princely names) drew me into his office. On a table under a black cloth two oblong shapes were discernible, grimly suggesting corpses. With a dramatic gesture he whipped off the cloth, saying "Michelangelo!" A gigantic pair of powerfully modeled marble legs lay exposed to my astonished eyes. He immediately produced a grimy copy of Vasari, pointing to a passage which told the story of the Farnese Hercules, somewhat as follows: When the statue was unearthed the legs from the knees to the ankles were lacking and the Pope commissioned Giacomo della Porta and Michelangelo to replace the missing parts. Some years later the original pieces were found and the restorations discarded.

The porter continued the story. When the French Government bought the palace for their Embassy these fragments, found in the attic, were given to him as a tip. So here before me were the pillars of Hercules from the hand of Michelangelo himself — and the same porter was offering them for a $160! For various reasons — diplomatic as well as financial — I could not buy them and I nearly cried to miss such a bargain. The war came swiftly and I never learned what happened to them but there was a rumor that my superb porter — the doorman at the French Embassy — had been executed as a German spy.

During the last war Lawrence Grant White, who has translated "The Divine Comedy," served briefly as liaison officer on the staff of the British admiral commanding the Naples area. He also lived in Rome as secretary to the USA Ambassador.

Palazzo to Pizza

FOOTLOOSE IN ITALY. By Horace Sutton. New York: Rinehart & Co. 344 pp. $4.

By BERNARD KALB

THE HOLY YEAR tourist heading for Italy this summer would do well to rush down to the store tonight and purchase a copy of this book. For Horace Sutton, operating as a one-man Cook's, has managed to cram the history, the spirit, the sights, the customs that are Italy's into 344 pages—and has done it in style. Readers of his travel columns in the *SRL* won't be surprised to find this book enthusiastic, well-paced, witty, yet studded with down-to-earth information needed to smooth the way from New York to the Uffizi Galleries in Florence.

Sutton is no Baedeker and, I suspect, the reader will be glad of it. He provides a sensible list of art treasures and ruins in Italy that must be seen but, as he says in the foreword, the book "is more occupied defining the difference between a *palazzo* and a *pizza*, telling you which you ought to visit and which you ought to eat." He has done an excellent job, too, of ushering the uninitiated from Northern Italy down to Sicily, pointing out the sights on the way. A capsule history of Rome, the Vatican, the Lakes, the Riviera, the South, and Sicily is provided but he has concentrated on the mood of Italy today. Scattered throughout the book are details such as the best hotels in most of the cities and the smartest shops for a Borsalino hat. Moreover, the book includes the best side trips, restaurants (with addresses), food specialties, and so on, all of which make the junket in Italy that much more pleasurable.

A handsome book, with photographs mostly by the author, "Footloose in Italy" is good reading for every variety of tourist—the armchair type, the sightseer in Italy, and the nostalgic ex-, conspiring for a return trip. It's my feeling that Sutton's book will send more people hustling to Italy than a handful of pictures of Capri's women in Bikini swimsuits.

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Fiction.

Two memorable novels and a fine murder story that is not a mystery lead the fiction reviews this week. Perry Wolff's first novel, "The Friend," is rated as one of the best novels of infantry combat since it has a professional quality, so that the reader is certain that this is what a battle is like and also the way men really act in combat. In her moving account of one day in the life of a group of simple people Viña Delmar writes about a stalwart woman and the lodgers sheltered under her roof. "Fiddler's Green," by Ernest K. Gann, an unusual tale of a murderer who is never caught, is set among deep-sea fishermen. It is primarily a study of the effect of murder on the characters and their changing relationship to each other. Grace Vishner Payne, the wife of a missionary, has gone to Iran for her novel, "The Unveiling," the story about a girl from a religious Mohammedan family who becomes a Christian convert.

War Experience, Second Level

THE FRIEND. By Perry Wolff. New York: Crown Publishers. 207 *pp.* $2.75.

By Arthur C. Fields

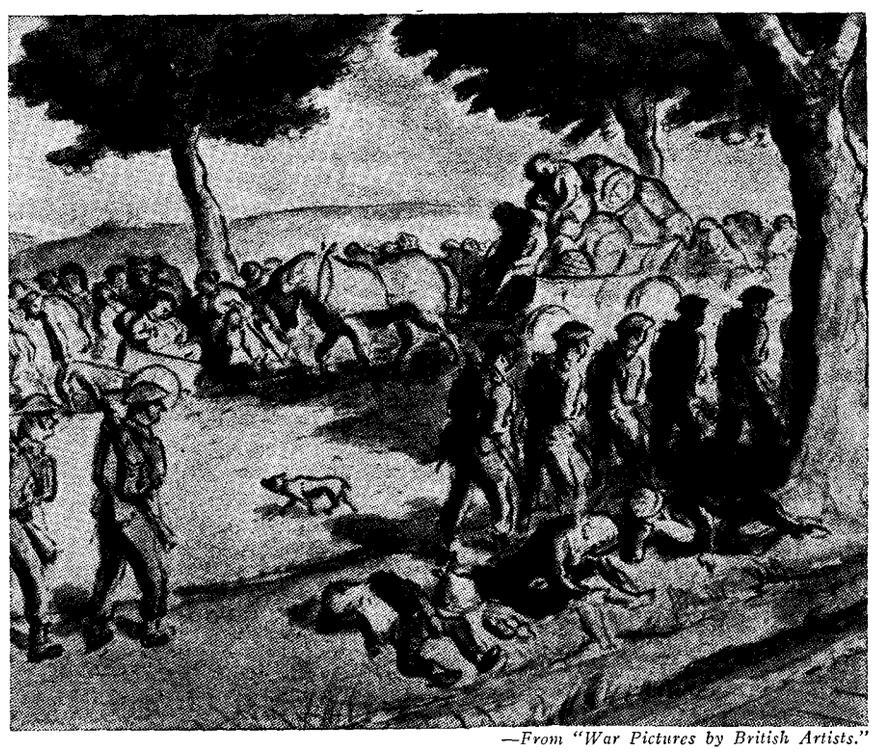
THIS is one of the best novels of infantry combat that has been written to date. It is almost professional in its assumption of knowledge on the reader's part. If you do not know how a trip-wire connects with a mine one very exciting chapter will lose some of its flavor for you. If you cannot think in an infantryman's frame of thought you may fail to see the dramatic rebuttal in smashing a radio it has cost four men's lives to bring up to the lines. If overlays and the importance of message centers are not clear then the removal of a regimental commander from his post may be difficult for you to understand. This novel describes the way men really act in combat. Stoddard, cowering in the dirt "knew what should be done. . . . They should try a covering counter-attack with a small group of men. It would divert enough fire to permit the greater part of the trapped men to escape. . . . Anyone who suggested the plan would have to stay with the covering force. The idea would occur to another soldier; he would wait until it did."

This is the story of an attack on the Siegfried Line and the desperate attempts of an American battalion to reorganize itself after having been cut off in ambush. As a story of the mechanics of battle—the conferences, the personal animosities, the tactics of warfare—it is adequate; as a story of the battle itself—the fighting and fear ("His brains were jelly. A spider had entered his anus and was walking through the large intestine, brushing his hairy legs against the wall"), the anger and hollow exhaustion—it is superb. What remains for an unqualified recommendation? Unfortunately, the relationship between the main character, Harris, and Stoddard, his friend.

In a way, Mr. Wolff has stacked the cards against himself. He writes so well of war and its violent emotions that when he begins discussing friendship it sounds anticlimactic, if not banal. It is difficult enough writing about the bond that ties two men together; but when that bond is set against the thunderous background of war it proves too slight and gives way under the strain. This friendship the author himself feels is never made real to the reader. Stoddard is acceptable enough as another character, even an important character, but when it comes to hanging the entire meaning of a thrashingly alive war novel on the worth of his friendship, he is not built up enough to stand firm under the load. The author makes his friendship dependent upon reaction to combat: he sees there are various faces to friendship and war brings most of them out; yet when he is through it is the war, not the friendship, that remains in the memory.

But that does not nullify the contribution of this book to the war literature of World War II. Tyde, the war correspondent, remarks: "A great book about the war would find the universal emotions of the men who are fighting it." Not the individual emotions, not the unique experiences and anecdotes, but the deep-down, honest-to-God feelings that were common to the Air Corps and the Marines. These are the core, these are the meaning, these are the province of the novels of the second level of war experience, of which Perry Wolff's "The Friend" is an excellent example.

Arthur C. Fields is author of the recently published war novel "World Without Heroes."



—*From "War Pictures by British Artists."*

"On the Road to Louvain," by Edward Ardizzone.

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—Toplitt.

Viña Delmar—"a trusty scalpel."

—Harold Mack, Jr.

Ernest K. Gann — "money-back guarantee."

The Lots of Lodgers

ABOUT MRS. LESLIE. By Viña Delmar. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 301 pp. $2.75.

By Josephine Laurence

VINA Delmar employs a familiar—and perennially fascinating—device, that of sheltering a group of persons, not related by blood ties, under one roof. The challenge thus presented by even the most ordinary hotel, boarding or rooming house is irresistible to a novelist for whom there can be no substitute for people.

"About Mrs. Leslie," then, is not about Mrs. Leslie alone. She is forty-six, beginning to put on weight, and earns her living by renting her rooms to lodgers. The book is also about Mrs. Poole, who twenty years before had asked Mr. Poole to marry her, assuring him that she had a winter coat good for six years and would be very little expense to him. It is about Nadine, whose ambitious mother lost interest in her when the movies failed to snap her up. It is also about Landon McKay and his family, principally his sister married to a man thirteen years her mother's senior. It is, to a lesser extent, about the dressmaker, Mrs. Crissman, and her Pixie. And, of course, it is about Mrs. Leslie, too, and the one day which began with every one of her rooms rented and ended leaving her with an empty house.

The culmination of the years spends itself in this one day, water over the dam never being lost but biding its time in undercurrents secret and strong. When the floods come Mrs. Leslie has been made secure by love; Mrs. Poole is swept back into an old trap, and Nadine and Lan are launched upon a voyage together.

A fine, straight backbone (equipment too often missing in the modern heroine) distinguishes Mrs. Leslie's character. In addition to a backbone and a house, she has self-respect, industry, good temper, and a sense of values. Her mother would have been proud of her, as the man who loved her and wanted her to have the house, told her. She is a good woman in the truest sense of that much abused word.

In a very different way Mrs. Poole is a good woman, too. She is motivated by gratitude and devotes her life to paying a debt of honor. The tragedy of her quiet life is almost unbearable in its simplicity and absence of recognition—she is bleeding slowly to death, unnoticed.

The Delmar trusty scalpel is still in good working order and does a neat job of slicing maternal complacency and exposing blind areas in the upright: notably one neighbor who works for a better world and boasts before her child of her luck when a clerk gives her too much change; another who educates her youngsters progressively in other households, where she will not have to clean up after them, and Mrs. Crissman, whose Pixie can make her believe that every date is a square dance.

Someone has said that the test of a good novel is the length of time a reader remembers it. Mrs. Leslie and her roomers have staying qualities: they are passing you silently a thousand times on every street, but they have been made articulate now.

Murderer at Sea

FIDDLER'S GREEN. By Ernest K. Gann, New York: William Sloane Assoc. 302 pp. $3.

By Joseph M. Grant

IF THE publishers were to advertise "Fiddler's Green" on a money-back guarantee, it would likely prove the safest risk of the season. The author of "Island in the Sky," "Blaze of Noon," and "Benjamin Lawless" has written a story of such dimension that it will certainly find its place among the better works of contemporary fiction.

"The task of a novel," André Gide wrote, "is to persuade or impress, to retain the charmed attention—but of a reader who takes his own time, lending himself to the game only when he feels so inclined." Yet much as we should like to take our own time, to pause and reflect upon Mr. Gann's words and thoughts, the narrative becomes so forcefully compelling that we are swept helplessly onward to the last page.

In the opening pages we discover Bruno Felkin running across the San Francisco waterfront to Connie Thatcher's apartment in hopes of establishing an alibi for a murder he's just committed. Bruno counted on Connie waiting for him. Innocently she has gone off to a movie, taking Bruno's alibi with her. There are only four exits from San Francisco. The Golden Gate Bridge, the Bay Bridge, and Highway 101 were closed to Bruno Felkin. "There was always the fourth exit, only you forgot your water wings. The Pacific Ocean was so wide and wet." Why Bruno murdered Sam Addleheim and how he escapes should be left for the reader to discover. They are not, however, the fundamental questions of the novel. Bruno's activities dangerously involve the lives of Hamil Linder and his son, Carl, as well as Connie, Detective Kelsey, Barney Schriona, Corky Mullins, General Ball, and Simon Lee. In the minds and speech of each character we see the total effect of one personality upon another, the dreams and hopes which are built and shattered by events in which Bruno Felkin always has a hand.

"Fiddler's Green" is both a murder tale and a yarn of the men who go to sea in tiny fishing craft. But it is a great deal more than that. It is the story of one man's search for a father and another man's search for his son. It is a story of human relationships told by an author with a profound insight and deep feeling for his fellow beings.

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Sturdy Blonde in 1781

BRIDAL JOURNEY. By Dale Van Every. New York: Julian Messner. 311 pp. $3.

By HARRIETTE ARNOW

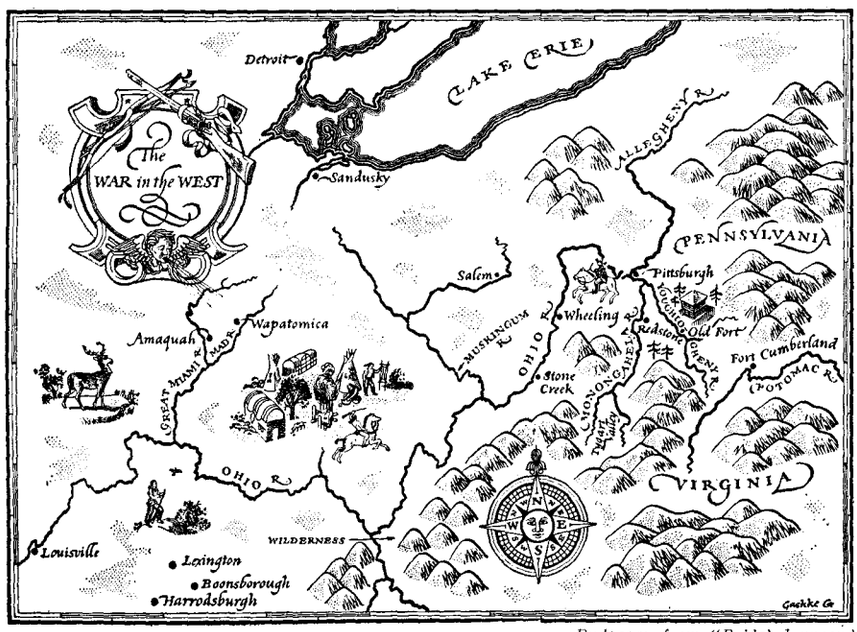
DALE Van Every's third historical novel reminds us of one of those modern, all-steel kitchens, streamlined and efficient, with no empty spaces or useless nooks, most definitely built with the market in mind, packed with contrivances of every description, but of quite sound though conventional materials and put together with honest craftsmanship. And just as the modern, odorless kitchen gives pleasure to many people so should "Bridal Journey," for it is an exciting, highly readable account of the journey of a girl to her betrothed during the perilous times of 1781, when George Rogers Clark with few men, less money, and almost no encouragement from the East was winning what was to be the Northwest Territory from the British, whose chief weapon was the Indian.

We first see the heroine, Myra Blake, almost at the end of her long and hazardous journey from Tidewater, Virginia, to the small, Indian-harassed fort of Stone Creek on the Ohio, owned and operated by her fiancé, Colby Gower, who because of a foot lamed by a falling barrel of flour could not go out and meet his bride on the last and most dangerous part of her travels. And, sure enough, when she is within sound of the fort her party is attacked by Indians and she is seized by the ugly, toadlike Quachake, who alternately drags her by the hair or forces her on with a club through the wilderness to his filthy hut in a squash patch on the Great Miami.

There the well-meaning attempts of an English officer to alleviate her sufferings only enrage Quachake and the other Indians, but she is rescued from being burned alive at the stake by Martin Gower, the hero, but a villain to everyone except the reader and Myra. He manages to get himself accused of being a traitor by both sides; he can out-Indian an Indian at fighting, horse stealing, hunting, and woods travel, but he is a gentleman still when it comes to a lady; a kind of Daniel Boone-Lord Chesterfield combination, a fitting match for Myra, an uncommonly luscious, yet withal most sensible, moral, and sturdy blonde; in fact, one of the toughest physical specimens we have ever met: her abilities at woods travel were truly remarkable.

There are a multitude of various other characters: Myra's somewhat stodgy betrothed, Indians, British soldiers, a French trader, keen-eyed woodsmen, American soldiers, a pathetic backwoods lass, and glimpses of shrewd Simon Girty and shrewder George Rogers Clark. All these and others are skilfully used through much exciting action.

Since the sex is of a pure Zane Grey type, there are no actual bedroom scenes, and as the rough and pungent speech of our fighting forebears has been well pasteurized there will be those who insist that "Bridal Journey" is more romantic than real. Possibly this is true, but what is wrong with romance, particularly when it is not only entertaining but also gives the reader a very strong impression that even then war was a dirty and destructive business?



—*Endpaper from "Bridal Journey."*

Doomed Saint John

THE GOOD TIDINGS. By William Sidney. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. 370 pp. $3.

By PAMELA TAYLOR

THE life of John the Baptist, played out to its savage climax against a backdrop of historical complexity and the conflict of diverse religions and cultures, is the ambitious subject which William Sidney has chosen for this Biblical novel. First as a dream-wrapt child, irresistibly drawn by the Magi, whose caravan passes through his village; then as a young man, watching his father burnt, a human torch to light the tetrarch's feast; finally as the fearless prophet, baptizing crowds of spiritually hungry and thundering against the sins of Herod Antipas, the doomed Saint moves through the story to his terrible death. Entangled with John's life from time to time is that of his childhood friend Miriam, the young woman who, in her search for satisfying belief, finally comes to be baptized, and of her lover, the young patriot Tola, burning with concern for his oppressed people. And like flashing threads of purple and gold are interwoven in the fabric of the tale the intrigues and excesses of Herod, of the lascivious and scheming Herodias and her sensual daughter, Salome, as well as their hangers-on, spies, courtiers, and men-at-arms.

This is by no means the first literary portrait of the Baptist nor is it a particularly notable addition to the gallery already known to us. One of the chief weaknesses of "The Good Tidings" is the tentative treatment of the figure of Jesus, which in turn grievously detracts from the stature of John himself. The period, too, is one of unusually intricate background, one little taught and, by most readers, less understood, so that a great mass of intrigue, political complication, and cultural confusion must be made comprehensible if the drama of the conflict is to achieve its full impact. To lift the imagined or, for that matter, the historically recorded figures into full relief, clothe them in individuality and vitality against the complex of their time, requires more than Mr. Sidney brings to his task. Not for an instant has the reader the illusion of having lived through these times. All he has read is a more gaudily colored and more sophisticated "Bible story."

Possibly it is the inheritance from our childhood which most complicates the task of the writer who attempts a Biblical novel. The characters in "The Good Tidings," as in any similar novel, are not, for the most part, original

(*Continued on page 35*)

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U.S.A. *The part that Louis Budenz, apostate Communist, has played in the sharpening of the political temper of our times will make an interesting footnote in the history of the cold-war period when it can be written. Although his career as Communist and Catholic is well known, his sequel to his revealing "This Is My Story" today falls into the category of "must reading" for those who would follow from the headlines into the heart of the day's conflicts. Striking also at another of democracy's major problems—namely, our Constitutionally guaranteed freedom of the press—is "Prejudice and the Press," a* Chicago Tribune *reporter's somewhat prejudiced answer to the controversial Hutchins Report on this abused and self-abused institution. As George Y. Wells points out below, in spite of his cheap journalistic tricks reporter Hughes does offer some intelligent criticism. Also touching upon a grave and continuing problem is Anson Phelps Stokes's monumental "Church and State in the United States."*

Ten Years with the Party

MEN WITHOUT FACES: The Communist Conspiracy in the U.S.A. By Louis Francis Budenz. New York: Harper & Bros. 305 *pp.* $3.50.

By Martin Ebon

THIS book is altogether too timely. Yesterday's headlines on the Budenz testimony against Owen Lattimore still stand big and black in our memory. Now here is Louis F. Budenz's new book and it is difficult to view it outside the sensational atmosphere of the McCarthy investigation. But to do this book justice we must judge it on its own merits.

Let me say right off that Budenz deals with a subject to which I have devoted very detailed study—and I find that the facts he presents check perfectly with all that is publicly known of Communist activities in this country and the world. It is true that Budenz has a tendency to be pompous and overdramatic; this was evident from his earlier book, "This Is My Story," which related how he made his return from Communism to the Catholic Church. That is a tendency which may irritate the reader but it does not distract from the book's factual content.

And it is this factual content that counts. The book is not unrestrained. It is written with regard to journalistic accuracy. It projects a side of Budenz's personality which does not emerge from newspaper reports although it does show in the transcripts of his public testimonies. From this Budenz emerges as a serious person of considerable experience in the Communist movement, deeply troubled by the problems of our time, and eager to let the world know what he learned during ten years in the U. S. Communist Party.

Obviously, as managing editor of *The Daily Worker* and in other posts he has had enough first-hand knowledge of Communist operations not to have to fall back on hearsay evidence. This first-hand knowledge is here rounded out—or padded, if you want to be highly critical—by quotations from Communist documents.

Budenz reports on the role which Communists from abroad played in guiding the American Party. He gives examples of the personalities and motivations of Communist rank-and-file. He describes what he calls the "Stalin cult" of the Party and has an illuminating chapter on Communist infiltration into the labor movement. (Incidentally, he thinks even the ouster of Communist-controlled unions from the CIO has not eliminated Communist cells from many unions.)

His report on the front organizations, although it adds little to the basic points made in such earlier works as Eugene Lyons's "The Red Decade," is fresh and up to date. His chapter "Cloak and Dagger" may be read as background for the current discussion on American policy for China.

I for one was occasionally put off by the manner and frequency with which Budenz uses the word "Reds," particularly when he says "we Reds" or "when I was a Red." It is reminiscent of tabloid headline writing but I suppose Budenz just got bored with saying "Communists" all the time. It's a matter of taste.

Richard L. Strout has just written in *The Christian Science Monitor* that the McCarthy investigation illustrated the faults of so-called "straight reporting," which fails to give the newspaper reader adequate background to judge events. The Budenz books does supply such background. Louis F. Budenz has, of course, become a highly controversial figure. In his desire to atone for past mistakes he may have spread himself too thin—testifying here and there, writing, lecturing, and so forth. Anything he now puts on paper must be viewed with that in mind.

But we cannot do this: we cannot disregard what Budenz has to say; we cannot brush aside even his more startling comments without giving them adequate scrutiny. In our time yesterday's nightmares have a way of becoming tonight's headlines. The careful reports issued by the Royal Canadian Commission that investigated the Communist spy ring in 1946 should prevent us from disregarding the sensational just because it taxes our credibility.

Does that mean we have to accept everything Budenz says? Certainly not. Although this book offers internal evidence of accuracy and careful compilation, Louis Budenz himself would not ask to be considered infallible. This book should be read critically but it should be read. There continues to be too much vague opinion-making for or against personalities linked with Communist activities. Only study of such books as this—and, of course, study of Communist writings themselves—can help us to round out our views. Mr. Budenz says, "We must not be guilty of convicting people by association, but we will be required realistically to judge men and women in public life by their deeds." To which he adds: "God grant that America may have the alertness to distinguish fact from fancy . . ."

Martin Ebon, who wrote "World Communism Today," recently lectured at the New School for Social Research on "Revolutionary Theories and Tactics of Communism."

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McCormick & the Hutchins Report

PREJUDICE AND THE PRESS. By Frank Hughes. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. 642 pp. $6.

By GEORGE Y. WELLS

THAT much of the material in this book already has appeared in the *Chicago Tribune* is no accident. It is the work of a *Tribune* reporter who was assigned to find out what the "Commission on Freedom of the Press" was all about. Mr. Hughes toiled for three years with "no other instructions" and came up with a heavy-going volume that reflects exactly what the *Tribune* and its publisher, Col. Robert R. McCormick, long have thought about the Commission, its chairman, Dr. Robert Maynard Hutchins, his fellow authors of the so-called Hutchins Report on the American press, and, in passing, a variety of other men, institutions, and political ideas on the American scene.

As even a sporadic reader of the *Tribune* could learn, Dr. Hutchins and the twelve other gentlemen who signed the report are guilty of a number of grievous sins in the eyes of McCormick—and Hughes, too. In the first place, they are all professors, former professors, or, worse still, intellectuals whose views of the American press did not exactly coincide with those of editor and publisher. As for Dr. Hutchins, his transgressions are greater. He is chancellor of the University of Chicago, which the *Tribune* regularly (and Hughes in his book) depicts as a den of undergraduate godlessness, vice, mayhem, and radicalism. Two commissioners—Robert Redfield and Charles E. Merriam—share Hutchins's taint; they are on his faculty. In addition, other commissioners at one time or another were associated with Chicago as students, professors, or both. These included Beardsley Ruml, chairman of the Board of R. H. Macy & Co., and Harold D. Laswell, whose infiltration into Yale's law faculty that blustery Old Blue McCormick heartily disapproves. Then, there were Harvard men on the Commission—Professors William E. Hocking and Zechariah Chafee—and such New Dealers as Archibald McLeish, who, in Hughes's words, "calls himself a poet."

In this vein, Hughes sets out to prove that nothing good could come from Hutchins and the commissioners. He cites their affronts to McCormick's and Tom Clark's lists of what not to join, what movements not to support. A number were pro-Loyalist Spain, pro-New Deal, pro-world government, and so on ad nauseum. In addition, Hutchins and others have been connected with various foundations which, since they are tax-free, "spend other people's money" on a variety of scholars and projects identified by Hughes (on authority of the House Un-American Activities Committee and its counterpart in Illinois and California) as Communistic. And finally, of course, the Hutchins press study was financed largely by Henry Luce's *Time-Life-Fortune* empire—foreign gold from alien New York, in McCormick's view.

The Hutchins Report ("A Free and Responsible Press") was a somewhat esoteric indictment of the press. Luce, himself, seemed disappointed in what his financing brought forth and many another critic, inside and outside the press, wished the Commission had better documented its main points: (1) that as an instrument of mass communication the press "has greatly decreased the proportion of the people who can express their opinions or ideas" through it; (2) that it is failing to provide "a service adequate to the society"; (3) that, from time to time, it has indulged in "practices which the society condemns and which, if continued, it will inevitably undertake to regulate or control."

Hughes accuses the Commission of bias in advance; of gathering insufficient, faulty, and flimsy evidence; of interviewing incompetent witnesses; of generally slip-shod, unscholarly methods. Be it said to his credit, his documentation of these charges seems valid. But it is difficult to pursue the tortuous reasoning by which he makes out the report to be at once a Communist and Fascist plot; at once a repealer of the Declaration of Independence and the First Amendment.

What seems to irk him most is the Commission's polite reminder that with freedom of the press goes responsibility and the suggestion that perhaps it might be a good idea to set up some sort of a council of disinterested citizens to call newspapers to account for lapses in objectivity, coverage, good taste, and similar failures. But to say that the latter means a controlled press is as cockeyed as some of the Hutchins Report itself. So is his argument that, because the combined capitalization of newspapers falls far short of that of U. S. Steel or American Telephone & Telegraph, the press is not big business. Less by design than by the very growth to bigness, the press finds it more difficult to reach down to reader thinking, to reader level. Witness the last election.

Despite the mass of appendices, notes, and other data in the book and despite the considerable vulnerability of the Hutchins Report, Hughes's book is mostly what the original assignment apparently called for: a hatchet job for a newspaper that has few, if any, equals at that art.

George Y. Wells, now a member of the Sunday staff of The New York Times, *was for many years editor of The Press section of* Newsweek.

—Tribune Studio.

Frank Hughes — thirteen gentlemen "are guilty of grievous sins."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 367

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 367 will be found in the next issue.

FLY GFECKNYGF

AEBYKSGLBO RBYMSG FC

OEBSY, HKMYGG FLY

CSSG PY CK CHE GBSY.

TCKXFLXK GDBAF

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 366

What holy cities are to nomadic tribes—great books are to the wandering souls of men.

—WOODBERRY.

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Traditional, Friendly Separation

CHURCH AND STATE IN THE UNITED STATES. By Anson Phelps Stokes. New York: Harper & Bros. Vol. I, 936 pp. Vol. II, 799 pp. Vol. III, 1,042 pp. $25 the set.

By WILLARD L. SPERRY

CRITICS and reviewers often blame an author for not having written some other kind of book from the one he has written—presumably the book they would have written had they tackled the subject. It is conceivable that these three volumes may invite some such comment from those who are interested in political history alone or the law or doctrinal theology. Less specialized readers will be thankful to Dr. Stokes for having written these volumes as they are. He has not attempted a rhetorical or tendentious account of the facts with which he is concerned. From the first he aimed at and has achieved, in his own words, "a comprehensive pioneer work of reference."

In his "American Commonwealth" James Bryce had said that the separation of church and state is the most salient of the differences between the Old World and the New. Dr. Stokes takes full and leisurely time to tell us how this difference came to pass. In so doing he travels over a record which is familiar to most students of American history, whether political or ecclesiastical. Here as elsewhere the value of his work lies in its full and adequate documentation.

The now familiar phrase "separation of church and state" does not occur in either the Constitution or the First Amendment. It was apparently first used by Jefferson in the year 1802. We are left, therefore, to interpret the two classic and relevant pronouncements on the basis of our appraisal of the temper of the times and the implied intention of the founding fathers. At this point, and in opposition to those who regard the age and the men as having been anticlerical and religiously indifferent, Dr. Stokes holds that, although the idea of separation is implicit in the authoritative documents there was no appreciable hostility to religion, even in its institutional forms. Separation of church and state in other lands, most notably in the case of France, has often been prompted by mutually antagonistic attitudes on the part of these two historic institutions. Not so with us. Ours was and still is "a mutually friendly and benevolent separation."

As for the religious temper of the late eighteenth century, it may well have been mildly deistic but there was no general animus against churches. Dr. Stokes is probably as near the mark as it is possible to come at this late date when he says that the great majority of the makers of the Constitution were presumably "Christian theists, connected with the churches, though some were neither orthodox in belief nor regular in church attendance."

He points out, once more, that the most sacred of all our democratic principles is that of liberty, and that our religious liberty has always been subtended and guaranteed by this prior concern. In the struggle for liberty the battle for religious freedom was already being fought out in many of the original thirteen states, Virginia in particular, before the adoption of the Federal Constitution. That instrument was concerned only with the structure of the national Government. Much latitude was left to the states. Church establishments survived in Connecticut until 1818, in New Hampshire until 1819, and in Massachusetts until 1833. Newly admitted states, after the original thirteen, were supposed to conform to the Federal pattern, but it was not until the adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment (1866-68) that the possibility of a surviving church establishment was legally prohibited in the original states.

The hereditary "interfering spirit of righteousness," which is part of our Puritan heritage, prompted religious citizens all through the nineteenth century to concern themselves, either as individual voters or in organized groups, with countless reform movements intended to improve the public morals of our national life. Dueling, Sunday observance, lotteries, temperance, prison reforms, slavery were much to the front in the minds of church people. But agitation in these fields never brought the churches as such into open collision with the state, although they were addressed to the ideals for citizenship. The Mormon issue represents the one frontal clash between church and state during the last century, calling both for Federal legislation and incidental military intervention.

It is clear, however, that Dr. Stokes would never have written this monumental work had the Constitution and the Bill of Rights solved the stubborn problem of religion and citizenship. In spite of Lord Bryce's congratulations extended to us, and Dr. Stokes's own insistence that the protection of religious freedom has never been as great in America as it is now, there remain debated areas as between church and state. For instance, American Protestantism takes exception to the presence of Mr. Myron Taylor at the Vatican, in whatever capacity. As a matter of past history, we had a diplomatic representative at the Vatican from 1848 to 1867. The most controversial area is that in the field of education. What religious observance or teaching is possible in tax-supported schools? Can tax money be appropriated to parochial schools? Protests against the use of the King James Bible in the public schools were taken as early as the 1840's. A Catholic parochial school was opened in Philadelphia in 1782 and the number increased rapidly with the wave of Irish immigration in the middle of the last century. Without attempting to legislate finally upon the issues involved Dr. Stokes carries this tale down to the recent Everson and McCollum cases and ventures to prophesy that the issues involved in these cases are likely to become more acute, rather than less, in the immediate future.

The author stands, however, by the conviction of M. Maritain that "the fortunes of religion parallel those of freedom" and believes that the resolution of our present difficulties is to be found in the continuing defense of our hereditary liberties rather than in expedient compromises as between the two historic institutions which ought still to perpetuate their mutually friendly separation.

These three volumes are a tract for the times but they have not been got up in haste. They represent a lifelong concern on the part of their author, whose activities both as citizen and churchman have involved him in the subject over many years, prior to the recent thirteen years, which he has devoted to this encyclopedic work.

Willard L. Sperry, author of "Religion in America," is dean of Harvard's Divinity School.

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Agrology at Malabar Farm

OUT OF THE EARTH. By Louis Bromfield. New York: Harper & Brothers. 300 *pp.* $4.

By JAMES RORTY

PUT YOURSELF in the cow's place. How'd you like an udder resting in zero weather on cold straw, covering thinly a layer of hard and icy concrete? How'd you like being locked into a stanchion, unable to move about or lie down except in a fixed and cramped position for four or five months of the year?

Out of such acts of imaginative identification, says Bromfield, has grown the New Agriculture, for which he propagandizes in his new book: an agriculture at once devout and hard-boiled, keenly commercial yet deeply concerned with conserving both the natural and human resources of the nation. In this agriculture the cow gets a warm loafing shed, her choice of mineral-rich hay and/or silage, and affectionate treatment in the milking parlor, where she rewards Bromfield by giving twice as much milk as the less fortunate Elsies living under the older agricultural dispensation.

Every year on Malabar Farm the pattern of specialization becomes more streamlined, with the result that the yields get bigger and better—including the books. Bromfield has stopped growing corn and intends to stop growing even small grains. His job is building soil, growing grass, feeding heifers, and making milk. "Out of the Earth" tells how it is done and why it pays exceedingly well, as it does.

> The truth is [writes Bromfield] that farming as a way of life is infinitely more pleasurable and satisfactory when it is planned, scientific, specialized, mechanized, and stripped of the long hours and the drudgery of the old-fashioned obsolete pattern of the frontier or general farm . . . in which there was no program, no plan, no pattern but only a scurrying, planless confusion in which a family was trying to raise a few dairy cattle, a few beef cattle, a few hogs, a few sheep, a few chickens . . . in a frontier pattern which no longer has any justification in a highly industrialized world.

Bromfield writes a great deal of this sort of energetic good sense. His brilliant how-to-do-it chapter, entitled "A Streamlined Farming Program," is alone worth the price of admission to any practical grass farmer, North or South, or to any city yokel who would like not to go broke in the process of going back to the soil.

But the book is considerably larger in scope and in interest than this would indicate. Three chapters, embodying a good deal of original research and observation at Malabar, deal with mineral deficiencies in soils, plants, animals, and human beings, and how to repair them. That plants grown on fertile soils are *relatively* immune to disease and insect infestation has long been known to the "organic" school of gardening and has recently been proved up to the hilt by orthodox scientists at the experiment stations. That diseases like brucelosis in hogs and cattle and undulant fever in human beings may be caused, like the "pining sickness" of cobalt-deficient cattle, by trace mineral deficiencies, has long been suspected and the suspicion deepens as evidence accumulates. That the steady increase of the degenerative diseases—especially heart disease, cancer, and arthritis—may be related to the qualitative deterioration of the foods grown on mineral-deficient soils, is highly probable, although the mechanisms of these relationships have yet to be established.

Bromfield's discussion of these critical problems is equally free from the nice-Nellie inhibitions of the specialized academicians and from the starry-eyed credulities of the cultists.

Even better is his forthright handling of such delicate subjects as agricultural price support. It would be nice, thinks Bromfield, if we could have "just a trifle more intelligent planning on the part of bureaucrats and politicians more concerned with buying local votes than with relieving human suffering, starvation or even establishing world peace."

How true! And what an impolite thing to write if one had any idea—which Bromfield apparently hasn't, although he is well equipped for the job—of becoming our next Secretary of Agriculture.

Midwest Husbandry

HOW TO MAKE YOUR FARM PAY, by Carl C. Malone. Iowa State College Press. $3.75. This is a regional book, written by the farm management specialist of Iowa State College as a practical guide for Midwest farmers. As such it hews hard-headedly to the line with on-the-farm problems, illustrating them liberally with charts and scores of big, bleed-off photos.

In order, Professor Malone outlines the personality characteristics essential to successful farming in the Corn and Wheat Belts, describes the types of land to seek, then gets down to the all-important problems of management, cropping systems, livestock selection, marketing time, "public and private helpers," and family cooperation.

The excellent charts scattered throughout the text illustrate methods for keeping records, graphing farm-crop incomes, feeding cattle on pasture, and other know-how essentials.

This is a good birthday present for the fellow who's always talking about buying a farm. If he still persists after reading this work, he's the type of man the Midwest needs.

The typography in this book is particularly good, considering the audience. Farm readers frequently complain that books, magazines, and newspapers have "too small" type. Iowa State gives them this one in a bold, black body type.

—ROBERT WEST HOWARD.

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Poetry. *Both Love and Poetry have been around for a long time. Miss Helen Husted, who has done considerable research into the two subjects, arbitrarily sets the time limit at six centuries. She evidently thinks both are, as Gustav Davidson suggests below, here to stay. At any rate, she seems to have found enough material to fill a good-sized book. The introduction to it, by the late* Saturday Review *Editor William Rose Benét, is alone worth the price of the work, our reviewer maintains. For those who follow such things, there is a study by William Van O'Connor of this year's Bollingen Prize-winner, insurance executive Wallace Stevens; a new collection of the versification of Clement Wood, "The Glory Road and the Eagle Sonnets"; another collection, highly touted by Tennessee Williams, called "Young Man with a Screwdriver," by Oliver Evans; a "stimulating little book" by George Every on the poets of the 1930's; "Formal Spring," translations of French Renaissance poems by R. N. Currey, and books of poetry by two young poets, Howard Nemerov and Rosamund Haas.*

Six Stages in Le Grand Amour

LOVE POEMS OF SIX CENTURIES. Edited by Helen Husted, with an introduction by William Rose Benét. New York: Coward-McCann. 288 *pp. Gift edition,* $3.50; *library edition,* $4.

By Gustav Davidson

IN POETRY as in prose no theme has been more thoroughly explored or more universally celebrated than love. In the hands of the uninspired or the incompetent it is apt to be also the most tiresome and banal. Conversely, those who have sung of love with spontaneity and skill have no cause to fear time's attrition, for they continue not only to delight mankind but confound the admonishments of our moderns, to many of whom love is a dead issue and the very word, with all its cognate terms, anathema.

Which is by way of welcoming Helen Husted's anthology, "Love Poems of Six Centuries," an uncommonly attractive volume that offers additional proof (if proof were needed) that love is here to stay and that there are enough poets left who intend to make the most of it.

To gather her material Miss Husted roamed the wide domain of English and American poetry, from Chaucer to Walter Benton, from Cavendish to Cummings, stopping on the way to cull passages from the plays of Middleton, Marlowe, and Shakespeare, along with sections out of the Song of Solomon. All the masters of the lyric are here: Lovelace, Marvell, Herrick, Donne; Drayton, Dryden, Milton, Burns; Shelley, Keats, Byron, Wordsworth, Tennyson; the Brownings and the Rossettis; Meredith and Swinburne; Yeats, Masefield, Housman, Brooke, De la Mare; Poe, Whitman, Emily Dickinson; Millay, Wylie, Frost, MacLeish—with their Celias, Delias, Daphnes, Stellas, and Penelopes; their Lucys, Jennys, Helens, Ianthes, and Mauds. There is likewise a quantity of laments and paeans by that most prolific of all versifiers: Anonymous.

—*From the book.*

"Pain and Parting."

Contained within the 288 pages are 240 poems by 156 poets. There is an introduction, a foreword, an index of first lines, and a contents listing six divisions or stages in the life of *le grand amour*, starting with "Innocence" and concluding with "Love's Immortality." This is Miss Husted's arbitrary device of giving us an emotionally (rather than a chronologically) progressive "integrated sequence." While the device is both novel and ingenious, it results in what is perhaps an inevitable juxtaposition of poems composed centuries apart. Moreover there is no biographical data on the poets and that is a pity. The average reader, unarmed with such information, is inclined to believe that poems on facing or following pages are by contemporaries—unless he happens to be familiar with the particular poem or poet.

Few will quarrel with what is included though one may wonder why Wordsworth's "Speak," for example, was given preference over his more celebrated "Lucy," or why Poe's "To One in Paradise" shut out his more widely admired "To Helen." Also, why Sara Teasdale consumes twice as much space as Christina Rossetti; why D. H. Lawrence, Ezra Pound, Louise Bogan, George Dillon (all of whom composed first-rate love poems) are not represented at all; why such a shoddy piece as Fearing's "Love 20¢ the First Quarter Mile" was admitted to the noble company when there was fine work to select from the writings of half a dozen other moderns of matching talent—Edith Sitwell, Thomas Merton, Theodore Roethke, Peter Viereck, etc. One wishes that Wordsworth and Whitman, Housman and Millay, MacLeish and Speyer were here with additional selections, more exemplary of their lyric gifts. One wonders, too, why Edward Davison's exquisitely tender and arresting sonnet ("She is so young and never never before/By sudden hands uncovered and ransacked") was overlooked and his more obvious "The Lovers" included.

The sins of omission extend further to Campion's "There Is a Garden in Her Face," Lyly's "Cupid and Campaspe," George Wither's "What Care I?," Douglas's "Annie Laurie," and other time-honored favorites.

But all this may be straining at a gnat. The anthology on the whole is excellent and representative, and William Rose Benét's brief but vastly entertaining introduction on octogenarian poets who sang of love wisely and well is alone worth the price.

Gustav Davidson, poet and publisher, has written many books, including "Thirst of the Antelope."

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Bollingen Winner

THE SHAPING SPIRIT. A Study of Wallace Stevens. By William Van O'Connor. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co. 146 *pp.* $2.75.

By Gerard Previn Meyer

HAD SUCH an operation as Mr. O'Connor performs on Wallace Stevens been projected in the halcyon days of the Twenties, when the Hartford poet's first book, "Harmonium," was received with thunderous indifference by the reading public (academies included) and with polite dismissal for its "niggling sensuality" by most critics, it would have seemed a classic instance of "breaking a butterfly upon a wheel." A serious study of this "dandy" of belles-lettres? Why, the thought would have been as fantastic as—as Stevens's poetry itself!

I recall an undergraduate essay circa 1929 entitled "Poetry and Mr. Wallace Stevens," which summed up the poet's gift as magic and diagnosed his subject matter as too far out of this world to be reached by anything less than faith. However, the author of the essay (now doing penance in Hollywood) did notice that Mr. Stevens had a way of compelling attention which suggested the presence of something important if virtually inexpressible.

That the undergraduate who discovered this quality in Wallace Stevens in the Twenties was right, while the rest of the reading world (with some significant exceptions) was wrong, has been amply proven during the past two decades. This year's Bollingen Award to Mr. Stevens, in happy contrast to last year's Bollingen, was received with nearly universal acclaim. And John Ciardi, in "Mid-Century American Poets," is only one of many who have noted that the new generation of poets in our land are hitching their wagons to Stevens's star, rather than—as was formerly customary—to T. S. Eliot's.

—*Sylvia Salmi.*

Wallace Stevens — "poetic order."

Recognition that Stevens's "fit audience though few" (the phrase was Odell Shepard's in 1931) has enlarged considerably, has inspired William Van O'Connor to essay the first full-length study of this "poets' poet." "My primary intention," he writes, "has been neither to eulogize nor place him neatly among his peers but, in his own words, 'plainly to propound.'" This I should say he has done.

It is a considerable temptation to any student of Wallace Stevens to let this poet speak for himself: and so it is probably inevitable that some of the wisest words in Mr. O'Connor's study are Stevens's own. Nor has he fallen, in his own style, under the spell of Stevens's word-magic (though this may be just as well).

However, Mr. O'Connor does make clear what the poetry of Wallace Stevens is driving at. In brief—this poet's subject all along has been "the relation between imagination and reality as coequals." The imagination, while part of reality and ineffectual without constant interaction with "things-as-they-are," also creates reality. This sounds as if the poet has yielded to the philosopher — but Stevens's work is not solely a treatise on the imagination; it is living proof that the imagination exists. And this is important for all of us to remember for "poetic order is potentially as significant as philosophical order." Stevens's "poetic order," constructed as it is of symbols, wit, music, color, and "the most delicate precision of statement possible," achieves that significance.

To Hum at Night

By Ethel Jacobson

I'LL lie upon my bed,
Cool and straight in lawn.
No tear will I shed
At the dismaying dawn.

The dark, wheeling hours
Shall not pluck out my eyes.
My dreams shall be flowers
On the midnight skies.

Time is a friend
To bring heart's ease.
All nights end.
Even these.

Troubadour

THE GLORY ROAD AND THE EAGLE SONNETS. By Clement Wood. New York: Greenberg, Publisher. 128 *pp.* $2.50.

By A. M. Sullivan

SELDOM has a young poet appeared on the literary horizon with the array of talent and promise of performance of Clement Wood a generation ago. If he hasn't entirely fulfilled the promise, part of the fault may be his own squandering of genius and part due to the shift from the romantic to the intellectual in the poetic cycle. Wood is a real troubadour, gifted with high passion and verbal power. Half of the pleasure of his vocal poems, such as "The Glory Road," comes from hearing him chant them aloud with all the organ notes of a great bard. His ability to fashion a fine lyric is in evidence in such poems as "The Singing Saviors," beginning

"Dead men tell no tales!" they chuckled,
as the singing saviors died,
a few serene, the many shackled,
scourged, tortured, crucified.

His rhyming facility and ingenuity are demonstrated in couplets as well as the sonnets. His observations of nature are specific and accurate. His vocabulary is rich, fresh, and seldom pedantic. It is in the realm of ideas where the poet's problem begins, and obstacles appear in his growth.

"The Eagle Sonnets" when they first appeared several decades ago were widely acclaimed for their intellectual scope and poetic craftsmanship. They were approved or damned for their philosophy of hedonism by some and pantheism by others, according to the individual lights of the critics. Clement Wood as a philosopher is never imitative of the "De Rerum Natura," of Lucretius, or the "Thanatopsis," of William Cullen Bryant, but he covers the same hazy pastures in an agnostic mood, promising no survival of individual identity:

And though old Gabriel split his cheeks with blowing,
no part of us shall rise on that last day
within uncounted lives we shall be growing,
bird in the bird, and clay within the clay.

Shelley, claiming to be an atheist, could never prove himself more than a rebellious angel. Clement Wood's Eagle climbs high with its negative burden and doubt in God besets doubt in Self until

Out of the void the wraith of the Most High

(*Continued on page* 32)

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Why Ask for Permission?

MELVILLE CANE

IN A RECENT issue of *Life* reference was made to five hit tunes by Gershwin, Youmans, Schwartz, and Berlin, two lines of each lyric being quoted. After each quotation appeared a notice of copyright, with the date of copyright and the name of the copyright proprietor, a music-publishing corporation. At the foot of the article the public was further advised that these five couplets were reprinted in each case by permission of the copyright owner.

At about the same time Harcourt, Brace & Co. issued a lecture by the novelist Eudora Welty on the art of the short story. Miss Welty chose to consider the work of S. J. Perelman, Stephen Crane, Katherine Mansfield, Chekhov, D. H. Lawrence, William Faulkner, Henry James, and E. M. Forster. She quoted fragments from each author. That either Miss Welty or the publisher felt under the necessity of obtaining clearances in order to escape a charge of infringement seems evident from the list of acknowledgments covering an entire page.

I contend that in each case the publishers had a perfect right to use the quotations without so much as a by-your-leave or a credit line, that far from being guilty of a violation of copyright they were actually conferring a benefit by creating further interest in and commercial advantage to the authors thus cited, and that the copyright owners, far from exacting a permissions fee, if they did so, should have been grateful for the windfall of publicity they didn't have to pay for.

In fact and in law you don't have to get permission to insert in an article on popular songs:

Let's have another cup o' coffee,
And let's have another piece o' pie.

And you don't have to get permission to quote eight lines from a football song in an article on the "Green Bay Packers" in *The Saturday Evening Post* (*Karl* v. *Curtis Pub. Co.*, 39 Fed. Supp 836).

The least bit of firmness will put an end to this sort of needling, often expensive. In William Saroyan's novel "The Adventures of Wesley Jackson" the hero in his more jubilant moods is in the habit of warbling a snatch from the once popular song "Valencia" with his own embellishments, as follows:

Valencia!
In my dreams
It always seems
I hear you softly calling me!
Valencia!
Dat tarrata
Dat tarrata
Dat tarrata, dat ta ta!

Before long Saroyan's publishers received a complaint, for permission—quite properly—had not been asked. "We are at a loss to know," the letter concluded, "by what authority they [fourteen words] were used." We replied, rather pompously, "that our authority derives from the judicial decisions based on the Copyright Act," and for good measure threw in a number of citations in point. The matter ended right there. The bluff had been called.

How or when this supposed need for permission to quote first came into practice I don't happen to know. But that it calls for immediate correction is abundantly clear. At the least it's a nuisance; at the worst it has a nuisance value, especially when money is demanded in return for the assumed "privilege." It may draw heavily on the purse of an author charged with delivering a manuscript free from any third-party claim. In some cases the burden of assuming this liability has even defeated publication and thus deprived the author of the fruits of his labors.

Certainly the Copyright Law of the United States gives no warrant for this practice. With equal certainty no copyright decision either directly or by *obiter dictum* supports it. To the contrary, the text writers with unanimity point out the difference between unfair use of copyright material, which constitutes infringement with its attendant penalties, and fair use, as found in the *Life* article and in the Welty book.

I suppose the test of fair use would be whether the new work in which the quoted passages appear competes with the earlier work. If so it is an unwarranted invasion in that it impairs the market for the work from which it draws; it thus produces, whether or not intentionally, a legal injury capable of being redressed by an injunction against the further circulation of the competing book or song, as well as by damages and profits flowing from the infringement.

If Eudora Welty instead of writing an essay on the art of the short story had compiled an anthology of short stories and included without permission a story by Faulkner she would have been guilty of an actionable infringement by creating a rival work to the original copyrighted Faulkner. Similarly, if anyone should publish an anthology of modern poetry and use without permission copyrighted poems by Robert Frost or T. S. Eliot he would equally be guilty of infringement and responsible in the courts. The same rule applies to reprints in digests or the like. One cannot make a use of this kind unless he pays for it. Which is as it should be.

THE English Copyright Act of 1911, still the law today, specifically provides that "any fair dealing with any

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 848)

POLLARD:
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER
(*Friend of Man*)

In writing verse Whittier was much less facile. Here his capital difficulty was with poetic diction. Hitting upon the just word was always hard for him, an initial obstacle that even with years of practice he never entirely conquered.

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work for the purpose of private study, research, criticism, review, or newspaper summary, shall not constitute an infringement." This definition simply restates the law in England and in this country. I don't suppose any publisher or author would question the right of a book reviewer to make free use of quotation. Certainly, in a review of a book of poetry quotation is perhaps the most effective way of communicating the quality and substance of the work. And yet when quotation is to be made in a more extended piece of literary criticism the copyright owner usually insists that his permission is not only necessary but will be withheld unless his money demands are satisfied. I contend this to be wholly indefensible, both legally and as a matter of common sense.

IN HIS preface to "New Directions Eleven," published this year, James Laughlin speaks from painful experience and with serious concern over this unhealthy condition:

> If we have a poorly thriving literary criticism in this country, one reason is the Critical Permissions Racket. If a critic writes a critical study of an author, he naturally needs to quote quite a bit from that author's work. But when he asks permission from the author's publisher to use these citations, nine times out of ten he will get a whopping bill for the privilege. I had to do with one case where the permission fees demanded were four times the critic's possible royalties from the sale of the entire first printing of his book. Naturally a situation like this discourages literary criticism. And it is extremely shortsighted too; good critical books help to build up the reading public for quality literature. But since critics have no union to stand up for their rights the publishers victimize them continually on this score. Mind you, I am not talking about anthology permissions. That is a different story. An anthologist should pay for the use of another man's poem—always and in full measure. I am speaking simply of quotations from an author's work necessary to illustrate a critical point about him in a serious work of literary criticism. Think it over.

I know of no legal decision which says that you can't quote an *entire* poem in a work of literary criticism. I know that publishers wince at the mere suggestion that this is legal and proper and that they decline to take the risk of following advice in the matter. But I do wish that some publisher with an uncollapsible spine would break the ice-jam and be prepared to defend a lawsuit if tendered.

In asserting the foregoing position I find it to be diametrically opposed to that of Margaret Nicholson. In her useful "Manual of Copyright Practice" (Oxford University Press, 1945) where she deals with quotations in biographies, histories, and other scholarly and scientific works Miss Nicholson makes this, to me, astounding unsupported statement: "Not more than four lines of poetry should be used without permission, even in this type of work, *and never* a full stanza or poem." I can only add my belief that it is neither good advice nor good law.

The doctrine of fair use, to conclude, springs inevitably from the nature of authorship. The act of publication is an invitation to consider the work, to value it, and to comment upon it freely, whether favorably or unfavorably. Advance in the arts, the sciences, and all the other fields of human thought and concern would be gravely crippled if the right to make legitimate use of the original work were curtailed in any degree.

The following statement in *Ginn* v. *Apollo Pub. Co.*, 215 Fed. Rep., 772, may be pertinent to show that even a legal copyright, apparently monopolistic, may have its inherent limitations:

> When a copyrighted book is published and sold, however, something is necessarily given to the purchaser and acquired by the general public. One thing acquired is that the author has expressed certain thoughts. This is a fact in literature of which anyone is free to avail himself as he is of any fact made public. It can be commented upon and discussed and the author's work reproduced so far as to make the comments intelligible.

"So far as to make the comments intelligible." Such is the latitude permissible and necessary to the pursuit of scholarship and culture.

It seems to me therefore that publishers owe a plain duty to the public and to posterity to keep open these channels of communication and without the imposition of tolls.

Melville Cane, New York attorney, specializes in copyright law and allied fields. He is a frequent contributor of verse to SRL *and is the author of several volumes of poetry.*

"What we're after in this play, Blandford, is realism. Now, you play a professor who has written an unsuccessful book . . ."

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Save the Libraries

The following editorial was adapted from an address at the recent dedication of the Charles Hayden Memorial Library of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Cambridge.

ONE of the world's richest storehouses of cultural treasures before it was destroyed by the bombs in World War II was The Zwinger, of Dresden. The Zwinger was a Versailles-like palace dedicated to the preservation of the glories of the creative spirit in man.

One thing about The Zwinger has always intrigued me. Its name. The Zwinger, literally, is a general name for a prison or place of confinement. I have never been able to make up my mind whether The Zwinger was named in anger or irony. Perhaps the latter; to invest such a place with the image of a prison may reflect a somewhat grim awareness of the fate of too many cultural repositories. Mere preservation of a work of art is lifeless imprisonment, victims of solitary confinement under indefinite sentence.

This is not to say that too large a part of the general public fails to accord works of art with preserving sufficient honor. Indeed, so far as the average American library is concerned, what it suffers from today is excessive public veneration and insufficient public support. People bow from the bottom of their cerebral lobes as they pass a library's august columns; they speak in memorial-chapel whispers when they venture inside the far-from-pearly library gates; they observe an almost statuesque solemnity in front of the catalogue cards. There is plenty of hushed awe but very little of the welcome tinkle of silver.

As a result, the average American community today is not far from finding itself in a critical position with respect to its library facilities and services. When Andrew Carnegie established his nationwide community library endowment the population of the United States was about half what it is today. Meanwhile, in the last half century the educational level of America has had the most prodigious rise in human history, with respect to numbers and time. Assuming that there is some connection, however frighteningly slight at times, between education and books, it should be apparent that the American people have all but outgrown their present library facilities. Hundreds of new communities in the United States are without any public libraries at all. Meanwhile many hundreds of established libraries are operating in structures badly in need of extensive repairs. Even without reference to the drastic need for expansion, existing equipment in many cases is fast approaching obsolescence. Budgets for new books, the librarians tell us, are only a fraction of what is required just to keep the library's shelves up to date. As for the new developments that properly fall within the sphere of the public library which likes to regard itself as a community center—such developments as documentary-film departments, music-recording departments, microfilming, etc.—only a small handful of public libraries in the country have been fortunate enough to be able to keep up with the times.

All these difficulties of the public library—particularly in the field of research—have added enormously to the burden of the college and university library. Increasingly, the university library has been called upon by the community and the region to meet a wide variety of needs which formerly could be handled locally. The time is not far off, it seems to me, when the university may be asked to take a direct and leading part in meeting the fast-approaching crisis in community library service. Whether this is done as an extension division of the university, supported by public funds, or on a cooperative basis by colleges and universities over a statewide or regional area, or in cooperation with existing public-library facilities, are questions which may have different answers in different parts of the country.

ONE thing seems certain: public library service in the United States cannot carry on much longer without major reinforcements. Basically, however, the matter comes down to public support. Whether through direct taxation or as part of the community education budget or through voluntary contributions, the library in a democratic society must sooner or later be maintained on a democratic basis. It would be nice to suppose that there is another Andrew Carnegie somewhere getting ready to give $53,000,000 for local libraries. It would be nice to suppose that there are dozens of John Jacob Astors and Samuel Tildens and James Lenoxes and Enoch Pratts sprinkled all over the United States waiting to establish the seven- and eight-figure endowments in every city and community to meet the new and enlarged needs. Yes, I suppose it would be nice to believe that all this would happen but don't count on it. True, millions of dollars are still being made

This Judas

Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

WEEP not for him who stands betrayed,
Delivered unto anguish.
The riven heart is unafraid.
The spirit does not languish.

Weep not for him whose virtue burns,
A jewel no thieves can plunder.
That regal head can wear its thorns
As mountains wear their thunder.

Weep not for him who walks unbent
Where villainy has bade him.
Weep rather for this penitent,
This Judas who betrayed him!

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these days but I understand that not all of it is being retained.

It would be nice to assume, too, that every community may be as fortunate as Louisville, Kentucky, which boasts a mayor who spends almost as much time in the local library as he does in the City Hall, who isn't afraid to run on a ticket of solid accomplishment in behalf of the public library, and who is lucky enough to have one of the nation's top librarians as his partner. But here again one must not count too soon on a literary revolution in politics sweeping the nation. It is more likely that most of the nation's mayors will continue to operate as of yore, largely unmarred and uncontaminated by contact with the local library institutions.

Such being the case, the issue rests squarely with the American people themselves. It is doubtful, however, that public support will be forthcoming unless the libraries—public and university both—do a better job of presenting their case to the public than has been done until now. A large Southern city recently polled its citizens to find out whether the city ought permanently to dispense with its public library. Happily, about 95 per cent of those polled promptly answered "no"—do not abolish the library. The next question concerned the use the person answering the poll had made or expected to make of the library. Unhappily, almost 90 per cent of those polled had never been in the library and never expected to be. There seemed to be something of a feeling that libraries were resting places for the unemployed or shelters for the aged or homework stations for schoolchildren or high-ceilinged havens for high-brows who weren't out grappling with realities and meeting payrolls.

Even in such library-conscious cities, comparatively speaking, as Baltimore, Providence, and Cleveland, where the public libraries are municipal showplaces, seven out of ten people have never taken out a library card. The national average is considerably lower. There are countless millions of underprivileged Americans who have never stepped inside a public library. The big job is to get them to come in. No doubt the prospect of success in such a venture would give some of our librarians the shivers. But, as Milton was good enough to remind us, one of the most salutary gifts of human intelligence is that it can transform a threatened hell into a potential heaven. It may very well be that the nation's public libraries will have to pass through the purgatory of a public invasion before librarians can enjoy the paradise of reading rooms with sufficient candle power, sufficient manpower, and sufficient stack space. The very act of bringing people in large numbers into the libraries will serve to acquaint the general public not only with the benefits of personal library affiliation but with the need for an up-to-date plant that can do full justice to the community. Moreover, if the future of the library in America depends mainly on general-citizen backing rather than individual endowments, it is doubtful whether such large-scale support is obtainable without large-scale participation.

Such a magnificent invasion opens up all sorts of opportunities for revamping some of the public attitudes towards libraries in particular and books in general. I am afraid that too many people regard the library as a place which furnishes all the answers and not enough people see it as a battleground of ideas. The dynamic library is more than a book repository or an exchange station or a fact-dispensing unit; it is a place where one can exercise one's own ideas, where he puts those ideas to the test. In short, I have in mind a headquarters for the cross-fertilization of ideas.

Now for the books themselves. I should like at this point to preach a dangerous and subversive gospel. I am afraid that the world of books has become far too static. I am afraid that too many people accept uncritically what is said in books just because it is in print and between hard covers. I am afraid that there is too much acclaim for the great books and not enough of the continuing and searching examination and reappraisal of what books say, regardless of their reputation.

The easiest way to stifle progress is to go in for a sort of literary ancestor worship. One of the most intensive periods of stagnation in recorded history was in early medieval Europe, when even children could and would quote freely from Aristotle. That was when Aristotle was the sun in the scholar's heaven around whom all knowledge revolved. Since Aristotle was the last word in scholarship, hardly anyone dared to utter any words of his own. The end result was that there were long generations of intellectual Aristotelian parrots who lived in Aristotelian cages and hatched Aristotelian eggs. No one would have been more shocked or disturbed at the spectacle than Aristotle himself, whose own method of teaching was to stimulate the spirit of free inquiry, concerned as he was with the development of a critical intelligence. And I suspect that Aristotle would have applauded Bacon for demonstrating that there were vast uncharted areas beyond Aristotle—large, fertile fields for creative thought and scholarship. We are indebted to Bacon, too, for showing us that the greatness of a book lies not only in its mastery of a subject but in its power to inspire better books on the same subject.

The library is not a shrine for the worship of books. It is not a temple where literary incense must be burned or where one's devotion to the bound book is expressed in ritual. A library, to modify the famous metaphor of Socrates, is the delivery room for the birth of ideas—a place where history comes to life.

DIRECTLY related to this need for the development of the critical faculty in reading is the need for continuing education in America on a high level. By continuing education I am thinking here not of a glorified naturalization course or delightful instructions in how to convert your hobby into a business—most hobbies have too much business in them anyway. What I have in mind is the fact that one of the biggest problems facing America today is not the education of children but the re-education of adults. Almost daily man has heaped on his head and shoulders problems of such complexity and intensity that only a generation ago were denied even to his speculations. History is no longer waiting to be read; it saturates the air itself. Man has been projected as from the mouth of a cannon onto a world stage with no rehearsal in the part of the world citizen he is called upon to play. Moreover, he is bewildered by the multiplicity of players with their strange accents and even stranger actions. There is much he doesn't like about it and a great deal that he fears and he hasn't been able to read far enough ahead in his lines to know how it is all going to turn out. All he knows is that he is involved beyond exemption or recall and that he must somehow keep the curtain from coming down.

To live at a time when the term "human destiny" is no longer a philosophical abstraction is to be confronted by the need to justify the uniqueness of man. Being alive today imposes an awesome responsibility—a responsibility to be measured in terms of transcendent values. As it concerns the American people, this responsibility means vital moral leadership on a world scale—if we are not to cancel

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out the meaning of our own history.

I do not mean to suggest that the university can by itself bring about the needed public awareness of the throbbing new changes that Americans—individually and collectively—are called upon to meet. What is required is a far-reaching mobilization of the moral and intellectual—no less than physical—resources of a democratic society. In such a mobilization, however, the American university has an important part to play. A new conception of adult education is needed, one which takes it out of the category of marginal importance in our national life and regards it as central in the over-all pattern of American education. First of all, I suppose we shall have to shatter the myth that formal education, up through and including college, necessarily represents an adequate education. The need today is for continuity—continuity that will enable the individual to maintain some basic comprehension at least of a fast-changing world, that will enable him to avoid the feeling of helplessness that has swept over so many people who have thrown up their hands when confronted with the recurring crises of an Atomic Age and who no longer feel that as individuals they can exercise any influence or control over their own collective destiny.

I know this all sounds pretty cosmic but we live at a time when the cosmic has become the casual. Most importantly, we live at a time when the scholar has a greater responsibility for the protection and preservation of his works than ever before. It is not always true that a democracy in times of emergency has been able to provide leadership equal to crisis. The disintegration in Athens after the death of Pericles, when a tanner named Cleon attempted to cut the nation's problems down to his own size, is not the only example in history of a democracy which discovered that the responsibilities of leadership shifted from the nominal leaders to the people. I very much doubt that the type of moral leadership required in the world today is dramatically in evidence on an official level. This would seem to place a special responsibility and opportunity before those elements of our society which deal with the life of the mind and which recognize those transcendent values which give meaning and purpose to human existence.

I am not arguing here for the abolition of the ivory tower. My argument is that all towers are in jeopardy today—particularly the towers of the mind. The scholar or the poet or the artist or the scientist who is most concerned about creative work must recognize, surely, that he cannot turn his back on those conditions which alone make such creative work possible. The charred wrecks of the libraries or laboratories or studies of Coventry and Southampton and Birmingham and Berlin and Frankfort and Aachen and Cologne and Darmstadt and Düsseldorf and Essen and Hamburg and Munich and Kiev and Warsaw and Leningrad and Stalingrad and Tokyo and Yokohama and Hiroshima and Nagasaki should offer additional stimulus, if stimulus is needed, in the direction of a grand mobilization of thought in behalf of the human situation. —N. C.

Bookmarks

In "Where My Shadow Falls," Leon G. Turrou, former special agent of the FBI, describes a racket-ridden prison in which the boss convict had a price schedule for renderable favors — supplying a jigger of medicinal alcohol, getting an uncensored letter to the outside, admitting an unauthorized visitor. Two items on the list were: literature (above allotment), $5 per book; literature (pornographic), $35 per book. Any overdue charge?

* * *

Who, we wonder at times (but not too vehemently), first said, "The italics are mine"?

* * *

What is the basis of selection employed by a publisher in considering the use or nonuse of an author's photograph on a book jacket? If no photograph is used, does that mean that the author thumbed down the idea? Of one thing we may be certain — the photogenic quality of the author has nothing to do with the business.

* * *

Not all of the slickness in slick paper writing is in the paper.

* * *

A book reached us the other day tucked inside a container that had a sort of quilted resilience. Investigating, we found that the wrapping consisted of two layers of stout brown paper filled with a padding of macerated newsprint. Investigating further, we learned that the thing has been going on for some time, that the product is known as a jiffy bag, and that it was originally (and doubtless still is) used for the shop-to-home transportation of bottled liquor and packaged ice cream. Progress. —J. T. W.

Good News

▸ After hearing a lecture about a UNESCO pamphlet, "Schoolbell in the Wilderness," twenty-five Dutch schoolboys, members of the UNESCO Youth Club of Amsterdam, decided to do something for Arab refugee children. They started a collection, which resulted in 3,000 notebooks and pencils, chalk, crayons, pens, drawing paper, and a schoolbell. With their gift they enclosed a scrapbook to give the Arab children an impression of life in the Netherlands. The boys wish to adopt the refugee school to which their gift is sent and they will follow it up with letters and other material required.

▸ The Florida Medical Association has changed its bylaws to permit Negro members for the first time in the seventy-six-year history of the medical group. Under the new regulations the ninety Negro doctors licensed to practise in Florida are eligible for membership.

▸ Sweden is coping successfully with her national food problem. Since 1900 the yield of the limited farmlands has been increased by almost one-half, and Sweden is now within 5 per cent of complete self-sufficiency.

▸ The municipal swimming pool in Oxford, Ohio, has been opened to all races by court order. Village officials were enjoined by Common Pleas Court from restricting use of the pool to whites.

▸ Movie critics of Danish daily newspapers awarded a motion-picture prize to "The Snake Pit" as the best American film of 1949. "The Fallen Idol" received the prize as the best European film.

▸ A worldwide study of the human and social effects of radio broadcasting has begun at St. Andrews University in Scotland. St. Andrews is the first university in the world to undertake research into the use of broadcasting as a social instrument in the field of international relations. UNESCO's Department of Mass Communications is cooperating in the activities of the research team.

▸ M. Lantoine, the village coffin-maker of Dursans, France, population 624, has decided there is no future in coffin-making. He has gone into the construction business because no one has died in the village in the last two years.

▸ Current fine films: "Young Man with a Horn," "Annie Get Your Gun."

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Censoring "Seeds of Treason"

SIR: I have run into an instance of book censorship in an area that seems weird to me—in bookstores, of all places. In certain avant-garde bookstores of New York and Chicago you cannot purchase or even place your order for "Seeds of Treason," by Ralph de Toledano and Victor Lasky. In some cases the owner or sales person will try to discourage you from wanting to read the book, arguing about its merits, the justice of Alger Hiss's conviction, and so on.

Mind you, this is a book that for several weeks has been No. 4 on *The New York Times* list of nonfiction best sellers, that *The Reader's Digest* condensed in the May issue, that is being brought out in an English edition in London. In other words, the book has been judged fairly important by accepted standards and experienced editors.

Whatever one thinks of the book is irrelevant to my argument. I do want to say that I consider the book an important treatment of a matter of real concern to the American people and I am proud to have published it.

Regardless of the merits of the book, however, I maintain that it is a dangerous thing to have bookstores or bookstore clerks acting as censors of what the American public should or should not read.

I think all of us book publishers and all booksellers might well bear in mind Henry Morgan's marvelous talk on press freedom at the recent meeting of Sigma Delta Chi (the newsman's fraternity). He ended, "As long as you keep forcing the man in the street to make up his mind for himself that's as long as we'll have the only working definition of democracy that's worth a damn."

When we as book publishers or as booksellers attempt to make up the mind of the man in the street for him by trying to censor the books or types of books he should read we are not only stepping out of our proper function in society but we are gravely weakening the very foundations of our social structure.

Of all social agencies today the bookstores especially ought to be militant in the struggle to maintain our liberties and our individualism. However well-intentioned the motives of the bookseller who refuses to handle a specific book may be, I hold that such refusal is a gross example of censorship that could grow to be exceedingly dangerous.

FRANK EGNER.
President, Funk & Wagnalls.
New York, N. Y.

Nonpursuit of Happiness

SIR: I appreciated Dr. Wertham's review of "The Art of Real Happiness" [*SRL* Apr. 22] although, to judge by letters about it, others found it somewhat barbaric.

E. R. Garside in *The New York Times* said about the "literature of the mind-cure religions" (William James) that the thing to remember is that these works of evangelism may mean little or nothing or even be offensive to a composed mind yet have a clarion effect on a mind in agonized need of belief, and that, unfortunately, nothing less than actual trial can determine whether they hit the mark. It seems to me that Dr. Peale's claim that the principles he uses can be applied to *anyone* could be termed vicious.

If in our society there are minds in agonized need of belief the thing we need is not escape but sane, objective, purposeful inquiry and that is not difficult, thanks to the "great band of critical scholars whose labors today and for the past three centuries lay upon mankind the obligation to deepest reverence."

Alfred North Whitehead wrote more than ten years ago that we stand at a moment when the course of history depends upon the calm reasonableness arising from a religious public opinion, that a new Reformation, a re-formation, is in full progress. "But," he added, "whether its issue be fortunate or unfortunate depends largely on the actions of comparatively few men, and notably on the actions of the Protestant clergy."

The problem is not simple but it seems to me the least those leaders can do is not only to examine the nature of the religious impulse but also to examine their own selves. Are they "moved more by partisan interest in a particular religion than by interest in religious experence?" [John Dewey, *SRL* Oct. 22.] Do they "subtly degrade religious ideas by presenting them as valuable for the ordering of life?" (Whitehead). Is "the analytic exploration of their own minds not so advanced that they can no longer project and personify the unconscious forces of their superegos and their ids as beings external to themselves?" (Julian Huxley). Do they exhibit culturally encouraged and culturally fortified forms of ego-satisfaction which "are not described in our manuals of psychiatry because they are supported by every tenet of our civilization?" (Ruth Benedict). Do their "absolutist philosophies" (Ruth Benedict) take *any* account of *any* relativity?

I think *SRL* is to be commended for presenting opinions and discussions on some of the products of our culture. It may be a means of helping us discover that the real art of happiness is *nonpursuing* it.

ROVENE R. OHRENSTEIN.
Yakima, Wash.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I was just rubbing these sticks together and they started to get hot. If I hadn't stopped they might have caught fire."

Department: Corinthians

SIR: With your Hiroshima orphan project and the search for Pinkie it seems to me *SRL* has really started something it should be heartily encouraged to continue. Too much of our world right now is cold and dark and too much of the assistance that people in general receive for their needs is stiff with "rules that state." There are very few places people can turn for the help that a sudden emergency, off the beaten track, makes necessary to them.

Some readers may ask what has this sort of human emergency to do with "literature." It occurs to me that it is literature in the making, if you will; but even if it were not I find your recent efforts to emphasize the dignity of the "unorganized" individual more heartening than anything I have encountered for many years.

Why not make this sort of thing a regular department of *SRL*? It would not be a charity department nor yet a social-service department. We might christen it "Corinthians" . . . and the greatest of these is love. But, whatever you call it, it would be a bright corner of human interest, which would present certain unusual needs that are taken care of nowhere else to your readers, some of whom may have been looking for just such help to contribute. I can see, of course, that such

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a department would entail many a headache but some headaches are worth having—and there is always the aspirin of pleasure in a job worth doing.

JOSEPHINE LYNCH.

New York, N. Y.

A Fund for Tami

SIR: I wish a fund could be started to get Tami Taguchi over here and help him attend a college here. What do you think about it? I will be glad to put in $10. We feel that Tami deserves a schooling in the United States.

FRANK A. RANSDELL.

Rockford, Mich.

SIR: I have just finished reading "Meet 'Pinkie' Pohlman" [*SRL* May 27]. I would be most happy to contribute to a fund to help bring Tami Taguchi to this country.

Tami, if given an opportunity to see democracy in action, could probably spread more good will in Japan for us than almost any other medium we could use. I hope this idea can grow enough to help bring these two friends together again.

STANLEY LEER.

Rockton, Ill.

Purged Professors

SIR: I have read Dixon Wecter's "Commissars of Loyalty" [*SRL* May 13] with great interest. It is good to know that a publication such as yours will devote space to the cause of university professors.

However, there are many other colleges and universities where injustice is rife, with no Wecter to tell the story, where not only has academic freedom become a meaningless phrase but human decency has been transgressed. Casually remarked in a brief newspaper story, these academic difficulties are too often written off as tempests in teapots which have little effect on the larger world. But they are much more grimly significant than that. Each time injustice is meted out to teachers I believe that education in general has lost that much more of stature and effectiveness.

One such college is Washington College, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. I know the story intimately for I was one of three professors dismissed. It is not now a personal axe for me; I have a new position and will go on from there. But the flagrant violation of justice, it seems to me, should not pass unremarked. Unless these internecine strifes can sometime be halted American colleges cannot hope to offer significant education to students.

We three professors were informed in March 1950 that our services would not be required for the next academic year. Reasons for the dismissals were given but in each case were so farfetched and tenuous that we knew they masked something else. When I asked the acting president for a recommendation he gave me a glowing one, making it obvious that he wanted to be rid of me as painlessly as possible.

Consultation with my two dismissed colleagues made it clear what, in the eyes of the administration and Board of Visitors and Governors, our sin had been. It would be hilariously amusing if the consequences were not so grave. We three had been instrumental in installing that year a chapter of the American Association of University Professors! Anyone knowing academic affairs will realize that the Association is scarcely a hotbed of radicalism. But apparently the internal affairs of the college were so shaky that this simple installation disturbed the board and it struck back.

A member of the board is editor of the Chestertown weekly newspaper. He also prints the college paper. And we gained this surprising information about ourselves in a caption in the college paper: "Professors Unionize in Strong National AAUP Movement." From then on we had a three-cornered newspaper engagement—the weekly sniping at whatever the students' paper and *The Baltimore Sun* printed in our behalf.

The essential attitude of administration and board was mercilessly revealed in one pronouncement in the weekly, and it is this statement, so often echoed by those in financial control of educational institutions, that most militates against professional standards and freedom. A comparison had been made between the AAUP and other professional organizations—and this was written:

"To me the analogy is pretty thin. In the first place the doctor and the lawyer are self-employed and the professor, despite any pretense to a more lofty role, is still a *'hired hand'* (italics mine) working for a wage and, theoretically at least, being paid on the basis of production."

The whole story is too long and involved to include here. There was no way to change the facts—logically consequent on that last paragraph: our final dismissal notices were carried through. But many of the teaching staff have since resigned, many students (who strove valiantly for the cause of justice in this matter and were studiously ignored) have left and those who remain are disturbed with the knowledge that their supposed superiors are pretty short on insight and fairness. A new president has been selected.

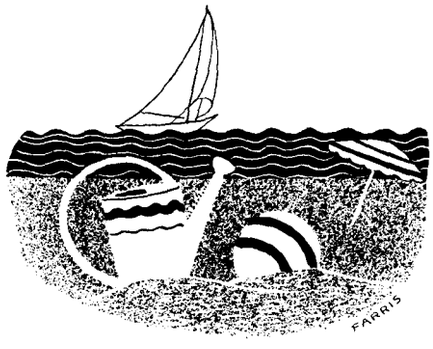
If professors are "hired hands" and students are considered irresponsible children whose ideas and wishes are never consulted—who "owns" education? It is a point worth pondering.

As I said, for myself I do not care. For my colleagues I care very much; and also for those later unknown colleagues who might wander into a similar dismal situation—one more of the teapots whose bitter brew could sometime drown education altogether.

The story is one more case of arbitrary power with control over lives and reputations of educators, stifling action, thought, and freedom, allowing no redress. But if this letter in your pages should stimulate thought about the prevalence of such situations, redress for others later might result.

JAMES KERLEY.

New York, N. Y.



Veneration, Ventilation . . .

SIR: Dudley Fitts's communique [*SRL* May 13] is just as funny to us as the *SRL* is to him. "Dogs as Seen by Their Fleas" fits far better the Fitts & Co. daily venerators than the ventilators. It was a convocation of venerating fleas, I suppose, that gave the Billingsgate-Bolingbroke, or whatever it was, prize to the devalued Italian Pound.

I knew Mr. Joyce and never heard him call for veneration or ventilation and I think he'd be with me when I say, "A pox on both their houses."

WALDO PEIRCE.

Searsport, Me.

SIR: May I reply to my critics during my absence? "babababadalgharaghtakamminarronnkonnbronntonnerronntuonnthumitrovarrhounawnskawfltoohoohoordenchthur-nuk!)" This is from the very first page of "Finnegans Wake." It answers everything. Very kindly see that the meaning is not obscured by the omission of a letter.

OLIVER ST. J. GOGARTY.

S.S. Queen Elizabeth

Voice of the Church

SIR: Your May 6 University Press Issue stimulates me to express my profound thanks. We who are in the ranks of the church, and like myself preparing to serve the church professionally, need to be reminded of what the literary and intellectual leaders of America have to say, for it is one of the chief guides to shaping any message the church may have for modern man. I feel that *SRL* is among the best indices of contemporary thought, in presenting the challenge of the world to the church.

There is another side to this problem, too. It is not only the church that must face up to modern men, but the world must also face up to the church. There are many theological traditions and each in its own way is carrying out a phase of the great commission to bring people to an awareness of the life of God. The people of this day cannot be honest with themselves or their society by ignoring the Christian voice.

So I offer the following suggestion: I propose that you produce an issue devoted to religious presses of America and their stream of worthy literary output. The number of people touched by the religious writers, I believe, exceeds the number who find an interest in the university press. In the name of honesty the thought of the church must be considered. From such representative writers as Bernard Iddings Bell, Thomas Merton, Reinhold Niebuhr, and Emil Brunner we of the church have a message.

RAY SCOLARE.

St. Louis, Mo.

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Seeing Things

INSIDE ROOSEVELT

HISTORIANS usually step in long after reporters have done their work. The news has ceased to be news when they touch it. The present has slipped into the past and one of their concerns is to make it present again. Libraries are the city rooms in which they pound out their stories. They write when the bulk of the evidence is in and when supposedly the passions have cooled which made the news hot. The calendar endows them with hindsight, which is commoner by far than foresight. This grants them a wisdom denied to the wisest and greatest of the figures they select as subjects. Hence they are able not only to tell us but to tell the mighty dead (who cannot answer back) precisely what they should or should not have done at this or that decisive moment in their careers.

But good reporters also make their vital contributions to history. Historians in the formal or the final sense they cannot be. Nor if they are wise do they make the attempt. The paradox of their position is that the more proudly they content themselves with functioning as reporters, the more valuable are their historical contributions apt to be.

As a happy example, consider John Gunther's "Roosevelt in Retrospect."* Upon picking it up at first the natural temptation is to say, "What! Another book on Roosevelt! And not one by a member of his family, a Cabinet officer, a housekeeper at the White House, a Secret Service agent, or anyone close to him but by a man who frankly admits he saw the President only four or five times! Why such a book?" Why, indeed?

The volumes on Roosevelt, good or bad, important or trivial, venomous or admiring, are already as plentiful as summer flies. There is no end, nor will there be an end, to them. The FDR who was incredibly extensive as a man has even now become almost as extensive as a library. Among those near to him one of the few not to have written a book about him is Fala. For the simple truth is that, like Lincoln's, Roosevelt's fascination for writers—and readers—of all kinds and on all levels is limitless.

The reasons for this are self-evident. Roosevelt was a character as intriguing in his complexities as he was overwhelming in his impact. More than moving in his shadow, history continues to be prodded by his influence, to respond to his spirit, and to follow the pattern of his deeds. Though dead, he is very much alive. Americans still vote for him or against him. They love him with their old passion or hate him with their old intensity. The United States in which they live is the nation he changed. The world in which they find themselves would not be what it is except for him.

Even so, one's first reaction upon picking up Mr. Gunther's volume is, as I have hinted, why another Roosevelt book just now, particularly when it is written by an outsider. But such a reaction is a silly one and vanishes almost at once. It fails to take Mr. Roosevelt into account and the abiding interest of the drama—intricate, global, and controversial—in which he played so large a part. It likewise fails to take Mr. Gunther into account. This is another serious omission.

Mr. Gunther is very much a figure in his own rights. His is an unmistakable touch. His wide reputation has been honestly won and is entirely deserved. If he is one of the best known of contemporary correspondents, it is because he is one of the best of living journalists. Neither continents nor nations nor cities nor men are sizable enough to intimidate him. Such is his prowess as a reporter that he succeeds in turning every assignment he undertakes into an "inside" job.

Some of that same energy which amazes him (and us) in Franklin Roosevelt amazes us in him. Among his unique endowments is his curiosity. He really should be president for life of that small club of eager seekers after knowledge which in a New England town has long flourished under the refreshingly frank name of "The I-Want-To-Know Club." Curiosity is not exceptional. Only the luckless and the living dead are born without it. All reporters (indeed, all writers) need to have it. It informs their work and stokes their copy. The information it yields is a measure of the satisfaction they give to readers who are also curious. But compare Mr. Gunther's curiosity with that of the average journalist and the difference between him and most members of his fraternity becomes clear. Mr. Gunther's curiosity is giant-sized. It is a huge, a lusty, a wonderful, and a driving thing.

—*Erich Hartmann.*

John Gunther—"the seeing eye, the hearing ear, the asking mind."

The industry to which it compels him is Herculean. His enthusiasm is no less inexhaustible and turns his labors into play. Tired as he may occasionally be, he never writes a tired page. The vitality of his perceptions, the hunger of his mind, and the unbelievable scope of his information quicken each and all of his paragraphs.

Were he dealing with the remote past, Mr. Gunther would be saluted as a scholar. For he is an indefatigable researcher, fortified with a researcher's conscience in dealing with the present and near-present. Men, illustrious or unknown, take their places along with books in his bibliography. If he is superior as a "rewrite" man, and a sifter and coordinator of the printed evidence at hand, he is no less superior as a "leg" man.

MR. GUNTHER's nose for news is a proboscis dimensional enough to create envy in the hearts of Jimmy Durante and Cyrano. He is blessed with the seeing eye, the hearing ear, and the asking mind. He is conscious of the value of the unimportant no less than the important. No details escape him. Moreover, his is an elephant's memory.

One of his most endearing and effective attributes is his modesty. This is at once genuine and disarming. He knows that the final book on Roosevelt certainly cannot be written now and never will be written. He is equally aware of how tentative, sometimes

*ROOSEVELT IN RETROSPECT: A Profile in History. By John Gunther. New York: Harper & Bros. 379 pp. $3.75.

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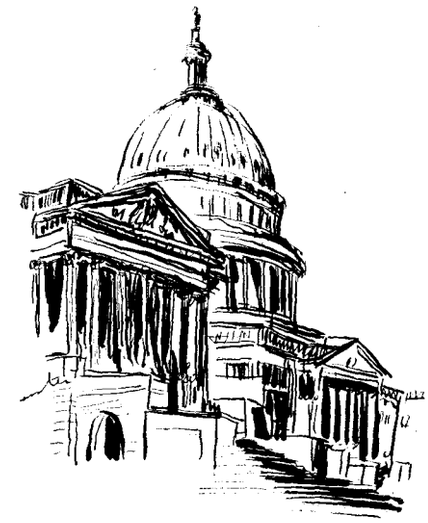
hurried, and often superficial his own handling is bound to be of immense events, disputed issues, and of a man diverse and often contradictory as FDR.

Although his own effort is illuminating and engrossing, Mr. Gunther makes for it the least boastful of claims. He does not pretend that it is either full-dress history or orthodox biography. He describes it as being "little more than a preliminary sketch"; something he has tried to look upon as "a reporter's job." This is precisely what it is. This is why, too (Mr. Gunther being the extraordinary reporter he is), that his "Roosevelt in Retrospect" is certain to interest contemporary readers and win the gratitude of future historians.

There are, of course, as many FDR's as there are people who hated or idolized him, who knew him well, slightly, or not at all, or who have written books about him. Mr. Gunther has sought to track down each of these very different figures and to extract the man from the contradictions. In the process he has unearthed a mass of new material. Although he writes as a Roosevelt admirer, he makes no



attempt to hide Roosevelt's shortcomings. He knows that the President, heroic though he was, had such a love for politics as a game that his Achilles's heel was a ward heel; that he could be both devious and candid, petty and large, liberal and conservative, daring and cautious.

Mr. Gunther plunges at once into the question of whether or not FDR

Speech from a Play

By Richard Eberhart

MY WILL to destruction became stronger
As my life lasted longer. I became an actor,
Putting to the world one face, while the weight
Of all those injustices done my ancestors
Was present to my sense as when done by others.
Rage is an inner thing, else it is a disaster.
I belonged to the hallucinatory band,
Those who overbalance the inner and the outer.
I did not agree with inevitable Justice
But fought against it, to even the scales of wrongs.
The wrongs, dark, but never defined, made me
In consequence a fighter of shadows, a mimer,
Whose rage was caught in his choking throat.

Yet, how they sleep, and look upon you serenely,
Transubstantiated in trees, in clouds, in sea water,
The old American ancestors; and back to old Europe,
And back farther who knows where, who, where?
And of these the religious were best, the gentle,
The Christian preachers, who would not hurt another,
And learned centuries ago what we do not yet know.

Yet I make and offer a gratuity
Out of my own trouble, my troubled spirit,
The trouble of the spirit of my time, my frailty
And fear, masked in fierceness and seeming power;
Compared with mine and my contemporaries'
The fates of my forebears seem easy and good,
In worlds of growth not locked by wars. They seem,
To my fairer mind, persons of rich and fine vent,
Those now so absolutely shadowy ancestors,
To whom nature was not wrathful and captious.

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was a great man, and contrasts him brilliantly with T. R., Wilson, Churchill, and Hitler. Next he deals with such matters as the source of his serenity, his sometimes maddening garrulity, and his attitude towards sex, money, religion, history, and fame. After noting his relations with his friends, his Cabinet officers, and the press, Mr. Gunther turns to Roosevelt's life. He writes admirably about his family background, his schooldays at Groton and Harvard, the almost tyrannical domination of his mother, his courtship and marriage, his entrance into politics, the superhuman testing of his illness, his governorship, all the huge happenings of his long years in the White House both as a peace and war President, and of his death.

THE story is, of course, in the main the familiar one all of us have lived with as it was being written from day to day in our newspapers or that we have read in any number of the books on Roosevelt and his times which have already appeared. Yet it reads as if it were new. Indeed, in Mr. Gunther's hands it does become new because one of the many virtues of his handling of it is that he tells it as freshly as if it had never been told before. Mr. Gunther does more than present a vital and clarifying synthesis of what has previously been published. He makes important and arresting contributions of his own and brings the various FDR's into sharper focus than anyone who has so far endeavored to picture Roosevelt.

Mr. Gunther writes as seemingly unaware of his skill as an athlete is of his strength. His virtuosity, though astonishing as a raconteur, an interviewer, an appraiser of character, a chronicler of trivial or mighty happenings, and an elucidator of complicated programs, is never boastful or strident. What must be the result of tireless sleuthing and hard thinking reads easily and irresistibly. History in the final sense "Roosevelt in Retrospect" is not nor could it be. But it is reporting at its liveliest, its most intelligent, and most questing best. This means that quite aside from the light it sheds and the immediate pleasures it gives, historians will find it invaluable.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

GENTLE HINTS

Fannie Gross, of Asheville, N. C., offers twenty poetic admonitions and asks you to match them with the famous authors listed on the right from whose works they were taken. Allowing five points for each correct tie-up, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 34.

1. Act well your part: there all the honor lies. ( ) Samuel Butler
2. An' you've gut to git up airly
   Ef you want to take in God. ( ) Geoffrey Chaucer
3. Be bolde, Be bolde, and everywhere, Be bold. ( ) Arthur H. Clough
4. Be plain in dress, and sober in your diet. ( ) William Congreve
5. Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever. ( ) John Dryden
6. Better never trouble Trouble
   Until Trouble troubles you. ( ) R. W. Emerson
7. Beware the fury of a patient man. ( ) Robert Herrick
8. Drink wine, and live here blitheful while ye may. ( ) A. E. Housman
9. Flee from the crowd and dwell with truthfulness. ( ) Samuel Johnson
10. Give crowns and pounds and guineas
    But not your heart away. ( ) David Keppel
11. Hitch your wagon to a star. ( ) Charles Kingsley
12. Improve each moment as it flies! ( ) Rudyard Kipling
13. Look before you ere you leap. ( ) H. W. Longfellow
14. No longer mock the burdened hearts of men! ( ) J. R. Lowell
15. Stand! the ground's your own, my braves! ( ) Lady Mary Montagu
16. To thine ownself be true. ( ) Alfred Noyes
17. Trust no future, howe'er pleasant! ( ) John Pierpont
18. The sins ye do by two and two ye must pay for one by one. ( ) Alexander Pope
19. Westward, look, the land is bright! ( ) William Shakespeare
20. You must not kiss and tell. ( ) Edmund Spenser

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

LES MILLES ISLES

ALEXANDRIA BAY, N. Y.

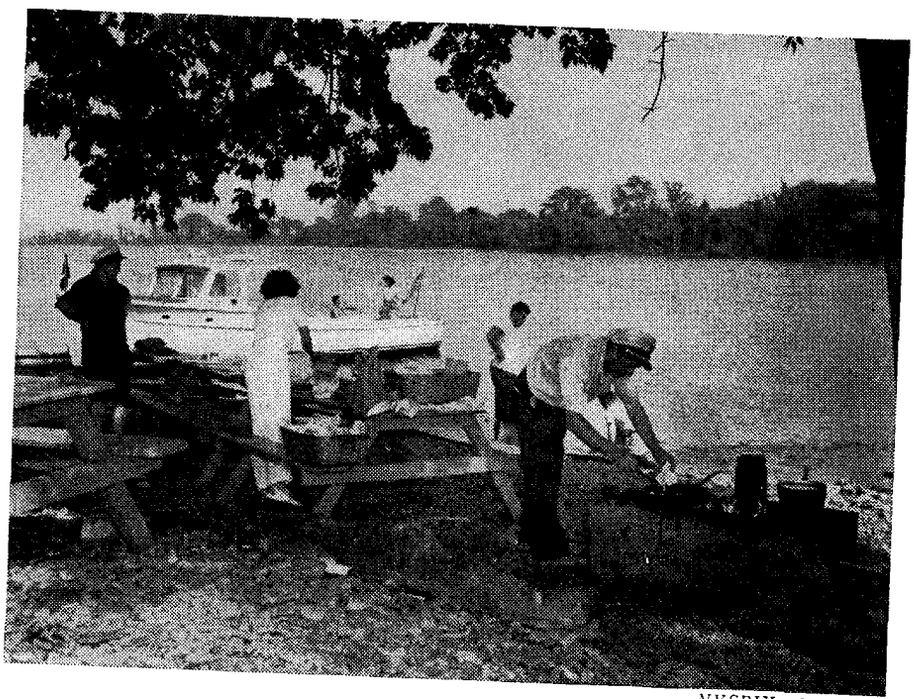
WHILE cowering with inclined head and bended knee on an otherwise sunny Sunday afternoon recently I was smacked across the skull with a wet catfish, thus officially opening the season in the Thousand Islands. Although some readers may feel the blow was long overdue, the crowning was rendered and received in line of duty. What's more, it officially made me an Admiral of the Thousand Islands Navy.

The new title, aside from its singular prestige, also permits me to affect a peaked yachting cap, to smack other neophytes with a soggy catfish, and to render the song "I Left My Heart on One of the Thousand Islands" in a shaky tenor. Should your geography be no less tremolo than my tenor, the Thousand Islands decorate the upper fringe of New York State where Lake Ontario flows into the St. Lawrence River. To be perfectly specific, there are 1,682 islands in the Thousand Islands, one of which was artificially constructed to suit the tastes of a fastidious New York belle, two of which are called Amos and Andy, and one of which—Island 793—is owned by Arthur Godfrey. There is nothing but overgrown brush on Godfrey's isle, and I dare say he's made less of his real estate than another pioneer named Brigham Young, who once held title to an island nearby. Another tuft of land is owned by Brigadier General J. Leslie Kincaid, president of the American Hotels Corporation, and the local Chamber of Commerce is happy to indicate where a hotel man goes on *his* vacations.

Used to be, in those unfettered, pre-income-tax days, that most of the Thousand Islands were topped with huge, rambling estates. Standard equipment for the bigger establishments was an ocean-going steam yacht. At the height of the era, between 1890 and the First World War, some fifty yachts or more were based in the Thousand Islands, plying down the St. Lawrence to Montreal, Quebec, and eventually out to sea.

Mammoth lake steamers still pick their way through the islands, some coves still shelter sagging houseboats, but the fanciest craft nowadays are small cabin cruisers and speedboats. Some 40,000 tourists every year take the two-and-a-half-hour ride along the Canadian shore, among the maze of channels and inlets that were a battleground in the War of 1812 and again in the fight against the Prohibition agents slightly more than a hundred years later.

The sightseeing ships stop for half an hour at Boldt's Castle on Heart Island, a tidy shack of some 365 rooms and eighty baths. A gentleman of Germanic heritage, Mr. Boldt owned the old Waldorf. His towered pile was a copy of a castle on the Rhine that had caught his fancy in an earlier heyday. When Mrs. Boldt died in 1905 work was stopped abruptly, and neither Boldt nor any of his successors to the property ever had the heart to finish it. It is owned by E. J. Noble (Life Savers and the American Broadcasting Company), who charges 50¢ to see what forty-five years of vandalism and decay have done to the two-million-dollar chateau.



—*NYSPIX—Commerce.*

Thousand Islands' shore dinner—Amos, Andy, and Arthur Godfrey.

FOR THOSE of you whose corpuscles seek more action, the St. Lawrence in these parts is also home to Lord knows how many black bass, pike, pickerel, and muskellunge. There are some sturgeon, a popular Russian fish, in the waters, too. Beyond fixing the minimum length of forty-two inches, nobody says much about the local sturgeon, doubtless for fear of inciting a Congressional investigation.

Anyway, there are some thirty-odd members of the Alexandria Bay Fishing Guides Association, most of whom are on speaking terms with the fish. Boat and guide costs $20 a day for one or two people, $5 extra for anyone else. All the hotels will pack the makings of a shore dinner, to be prepared at lunchtime by the guide. It may be based on steaks, chops, or chicken but, for some insular reason unknown to me, it always includes crisp bacon strips and French toast with maple syrup.

There are, to be sure, any number of handsome motor courts in the area, should you come to the Thousand Islands by motor. On the other hand, should you be seeking a more commodious domicile, may I indicate, without pernting, that the Monticello Hotel will take two people for six days at anywhere from $108.68 to $141.68 depending upon the accommodations. The tariff includes—aside from your room—breakfast and dinner, a day's fishing with guide, tackle, and shore dinner, and the standard cruise of the islands. Elsewhere in the environs you'll find the comfortable, ancient Crossmon House, which overlooks the water, and out on the islands a scattering of quiet lodges.

Should you be riding the rods, the New York Central will take you as far as Watertown. There is bus and cab service over the thirty miles to (what is known among its intimates as) Alex Bay. Colonial Airlines will get you as far as Watertown, too, or, of course, you can sail up the St. Lawrence from the Gaspé in your own steam yacht.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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How To Avoid Being Innocent Abroad

A Check-list for Border-crossers

COUNTRY	VISA REQUIREMENTS	CURRENCY REGULATIONS	IMPORT CONTROLS	EXPORT CONTROLS
AUSTRIA	Allied Forces permit ($2 for one round trip, $4 for repeated journeys) for 3 Western Zones; Soviet gray card, except for entry by air or American official train or via Linz-Vienna highway. Both obtained through the High Permit Offices located in most Western European capitals, New York, and Washington.	Unlimited American currency and travelers' checks up to 1,000 Austrian schillings in bank notes if declared.	400 cigarettes or 500 grams cigars or 500 grams tobacco importable free of duty.	No licenses, duties, or fees on the export of holiday purchases to a total value not exceeding $400, and equal amount can be brought in and taken out in transit.
BELGIUM	None.	Unlimited American or Belgian currency importable. Limit of 10,000 francs in Belgian or foreign currency exportable unless larger amount was entered in passport on entry.	400 cigarettes or 500 grams cigars or 500 grams tobacco importable free of duty.	No licenses, duties, or fees on the export of holiday purchases to a total value not exceeding $400, and equal amount can be brought in and taken out in transit.
DENMARK	None.	Unlimited foreign currency. 100 Danish Kroner in 10 Kroner notes or smaller. Same amount foreign and Danish currency as imported is exportable.	400 cigarettes or 500 grams cigars or 500 grams tobacco importable free of duty.	No licenses, duties, or fees on the export of holiday purchases to a total value not exceeding $400, and equal amount can be brought in and taken out in transit.
FRANCE	None. Algeria, Tunisia, and Morocco: None.	Unlimited American and French currency importable if declared. Limit of 25,000 French francs exportable.	1,000 cigarettes or 250 cigars or 4 lbs. tobacco, about 2 lbs. of any foodstuffs, 2 opened bottles wine or spirits.	No licenses, duties, or fees on the export of holiday purchases to a total value not exceeding $400, and equal amount can be brought in and taken out in transit, including up to ½ liter of perfume. Scientific works and works of art require licenses.
GERMANY	Entry permit required to enter Western Zones obtainable at permit offices in all capitals, also Chicago and New York City. Valid 120 days, good for repeated entries. Can be extended in Germany for extra 60 days if bearer complies with HICOM fiscal regulations.	Unlimited American or other foreign currencies (exchanged at authorized German banks at rate of 23.8 cents per Deutschmark). Must be declared. Only 40 DM importable.	400 cigarettes or 500 grams cigars or 500 grams tobacco importable free of duty.	No licenses, duties, or fees on the export of holiday purchases to a total value not exceeding $400, but not exceeding legally acquired Deutchmarks account.
IRELAND	None.	Unlimited amount of American currency importable but not more than £5 worth of Irish or British bank notes. No more than £5 in Irish or British currency exportable.	1,000 cigarettes or 200 cigars or 2½ lbs. tobacco, small parcels foodstuffs. 1 qt. alcohol, 1 pt. perfume, 2 bottles wine and gifts equal to £20 in value duty free if declared.	No licenses, duties, or fees on the export of holiday purchases to a total value not exceeding $400, and equal amount can be brought in and taken out in transit.
ITALY	None. Sojourn permit must be obtained from police through a hotel within three days of arrival.	Unlimited foreign currency and 30,000 lire in notes of not over 1,000 lire importable. Similar amounts exportable if declared on entry. Foreign accounts in Italian banks, monthly maximum withdrawal per person 300,000 lire. Special authorization required from Italian exchange office for greater amounts.	400 cigarettes or 500 grams cigars or 500 grams tobacco importable free of duty. 2 opened bottles of wines or spirits.	No licenses, duties, or fees on the export of holiday purchases to a total value not exceeding $500. Equal amount can be brought in and taken out in transit. Legal proof required. $500 exchanged.
LUXEMBOURG	None.	Unlimited American or Belgian currency. Limit of 10,000 francs in Belgian or foreign currency exportable unless larger amount was entered in passport on entry.	400 cigarettes or 500 grams cigars or 500 grams tobacco importable free of duty.	No licenses, duties, or fees on the export of holiday purchases to a total value not exceeding $400, and equal amount can be brought in and taken out in transit.
NETHERLANDS	None.	Unlimited foreign currency importable. Limit of 100 Dutch florins importable. Foreign and Dutch currency declared on entry is exportable.	400 cigarettes or 500 grams cigars or 500 grams tobacco importable free of duty.	No licenses, duties, or fees on the export of holiday purchases to a total value not exceeding $400, and equal amount can be brought in and taken out in transit.
NORWAY	None.	Unlimited American currency importable and exportable if declared on entry. 50 Norwegian kroner importable and exportable.	400 cigarettes or 500 grams cigars or 500 grams tobacco importable free of duty. 2 bottles of wines and/or spirits importable duty free.	No licenses, duties, or fees on the export of holiday purchases to a total value not exceeding $400, and equal amount can be brought in and taken out in transit.
SWEDEN	None.	Unlimited American currency in the form of bank notes, checks or letters of credit, 99 Swedish Kronor importable. Similar amounts exportable if declared.	400 cigarettes or 500 grams cigars or 500 grams tobacco importable free of duty. Personal cameras, cycles, typewriters importable duty free.	No licenses, duties, or fees on the export of holiday purchases to a total value not exceeding $400, and equal amount can be brought in and taken out in transit.
SWITZERLAND	None.	Unlimited American, Swiss, or other foreign currencies importable and exportable.	400 cigarettes or 500 grams cigars or 500 grams tobacco importable free of duty.	No licenses, duties, or fees on the export of holiday purchases to a total value not exceeding $400, and equal amount can be brought in and taken out in transit.
UNITED KINGDOM	None.	Unlimited American currency importable if declared on entry but not more than £5. American currency exportable to the value of that brought in but no more than £10 in foreign currency exportable unless excess marked in passport on entry.	400 cigarettes or 500 grams cigars or 500 grams tobacco, 50 lbs. food per passenger, not more than 10 lbs. of any one food, 1 bottle liquor importable free of duty. In some cases purchase tax on goods not included in personal effects.	No licenses, duties, or fees on the export of holiday purchases to a total value not exceeding $400, and equal amount can be brought in and taken out in transit.

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POETRY

(Continued from page 19)

swims mistily, a veil before its face...
The great wings soar—are gone. The sun-gashed sky
shines wanly in the unrevealing place.

"The Eagle's Mate" is a group of love sonnets in which every facet of devotion and passion is shown without restraint. The sixty-two sonnets are erotic and pagan with none of the reticence of "Sonnets from the Portuguese." It is the satyr poet who thrums a vigorous lyre, often with a rapturous music, sometimes with the lush verbiage of reiteration.

Wood's stature as a lyric poet is better measured from his shorter, highly disciplined poems, especially the nature group in the opening pages of the book. Here there is objective statement, eloquent diction, resonant music, poetry unmarred by intellectual, moral, or political pretense.

"An Accompaniment to Living"

YOUNG MAN WITH A SCREWDRIVER. By Oliver Evans. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press. 56 pp. $2.25.

By José Garcia Villa

IN HIS foreword to this book Tennessee Williams stresses that Oliver Evans writes his verse as an "accompaniment to living. He lives *with* his art instead of *by* and *for* it. . . . When Oliver is moved to write verse, he sets down words which usually make an immediate poem. He rarely finds it necessary to go over them twice with scratch paper and thesaurus."

That, perhaps, is the root trouble of these poems—they lack cultivation. The poems are "quiet, unostentatious," as the jacket says, but they are also, unfortunately, pallid and limp, without poetic vigor. Evans's poetry is a poetry of statement, employing simple forms and rhythms, uncomplex, without subtleties or nuances. He effects a certain ordering of experience, clearly but not deeply, and his poems do usually come to a focus, a quality not often encountered nowadays—but for all this, the poems have a thinness and lack impact. Evans is weak linguistically and when he tries to achieve artful language, his results are disastrous:

Choreography: George Balanchine. A phrase disposes
The whirl, swirl, twirl, the water-wonder
And flow, flower-flow, rushing of roses
That open-close, arrange baroque bouquets
And disappear, reform, transform, resolve
Fresh rows of roses on the garden stage.

Forget the flower figure: these are people
Like any others, but for they've been bit
By bug too recent-rare . . .

The last two lines quoted are particularly distressing. (Evans is also overfond of badly alliterative, compounded words: "balance-bend," "suckle-soothe," "muscle-mighty.")

"Here and there in this volume," Williams goes on to say, "you will find lyrics that sweep you suddenly up into the very highest order of poetic experience." I regret to say that I failed to find any such poems. To speak strictly, Evans's poetry is still apprentice work and in this book only one poem, "To Midas, Weeping," seems to me entirely satisfactory.

Evans has published his verse in numerous magazines, so that when Williams says that "Evans has not worked hard at making a name for himself," one must somewhat doubt it.

"Perhaps," continues Mr. Williams, "the ideal way to receive these poems is the way that I received them, folded into a letter from a friend long and well known . . . a letter ending casually, 'Oh yes, I wrote a poem this morning!'" I am afraid that is very true.

New English Shoots

POETRY AND PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY. By George Every. New York: The Macmillan Co. 96 pp. 75¢.

By Frances B. McCarthy

THIS is a remarkably comprehensive and stimulating little book, which can be recommended both as an introduction to the work of the generation of English poets which has emerged since the late Thirties and as a succinct and discriminating account of the intellectual and social forces that have produced the new orientation in sensibility that their verse displays. Subscribing to the theory that the poetic consciousness is the "sensitive spot in the modern mind," Mr. Every contends that the problems about which these poets are concerned and the way they feel about them reflect much that is significant in the collective consciousness, or unconscious, of contemporary Englishmen.

The preoccupation of the poets of the Thirties with political and economic matters has been displaced in these writers by "anxiety about the *quality* of living" and about the "significance of death in a world where there is no common belief in immortality." These poets do seem to share a common belief in the reality of evil and a common desire to believe in God. Many of them belong to the variety of existentialist that has a stronger conviction of the truth of religious psychology than of the truth of religion. But at the same time that they are attracted to the satisfactions to be derived from Christian belief they are held back from full participation by what Santayana might call "a natural piety" toward the world of matter. Mr. Every suggests that the exploration of this dilemma "can only lead us back to the most materialistic of all the religions. The choice [he says] lies between a Pagan spiritualism, using some Christian language, and a Christian sacramental materialism."

Mr. Every's volume is subtitled "An Interim Report"; wisely so, I think, since most of the poetic development he forecasts is still in the seedling stage, and since his description of the manner in which the soil has been prepared and the seeds sown offers a stronger presumption of vigorous bloom to come than do the actual poems cited in evidence of the new shoots. These poems are unquestionably the work of sensitive and scrupulous minds but not many seem the product of robust and urgent talents.

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Medieval Gems

FORMAL SPRING. French Renaissance Poems. With translations by R. N. Currey. New York: Oxford University Press. 159 *pp.* $2.50.

By Basil Davenport

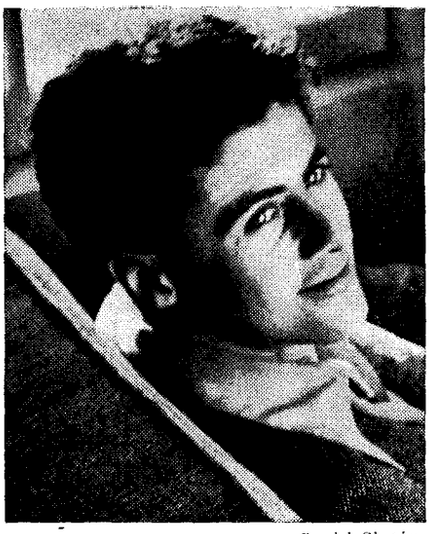
MR. CURREY has brought together and translated a number of French poems from the Middle Ages as well as the Renaissance—his earliest poem is from Guillaume de Machoult, who was born in 1300; his latest is Mary Queen of Scots's "Adieu, plaisant pays de France!" Villon, d'Orleans, Ronsard, and Du Bellay are well represented; and besides the universally known little masterpieces like "Mignonne, allons voir si la rose," or "Heureux qui, comme Ulysse, a fait un beau voyage" there are delightful little pieces which we might not discover if Mr. Currey did not introduce us, such as Du Bellay's charming vers-de-société epitaphs on his dog and cat, or Marot's differently charming pastoral carol "Une pastourelle gentile."

The French originals appear opposite Mr. Currey's translations. This is always a service to the reader. It is a service which the reader is apt to repay ungratefully by referring to the original to pick flaws and it does here throw into relief the translator's sole lapse of taste. When the lady in Deschamps's virelay, "Sui je, sui je, sui je belle?" is enumerating her charms at a length which shows she has no real doubt about it, Mr. Currey has her speak of

Rounded legs and thighs, and—well,
Would you call me beautiful?

Any reader would assume from the aposiopesis that the French either listed, or at least hinted at, some more intimate beauties; but a glance across the page shows that this is not so. This couplet also illustrates Mr. Currey's use of imperfect rhymes, which is allowable enough in a form that demands an excessive number of rhymes and is perhaps preferable to Rossetti's change of rhyme between stanzas; but Mr. Currey surely carries it too far. *Satin* and *ermine* may pass, but *preferred* and *gathered*, *get* and *linnet*, really strain indulgence.

Yet at his best, which is nearly all the time, Mr. Currey is astonishingly successful in catching that indescribable flavor hinted at in his title, "Formal Spring." These French poets have, with all their beauty, a quality almost of austerity, which earlier translators have often lost in romanticism and its bastard child, false archaism, but which is preserved in Mr. Currey's almost timeless English.



— *Daniel Shapiro.*

Howard Nemerov—"poetic schizophrenia."

Rosamund Haas—"in a limited sphere."

Corruption & Metaphysics

GUIDE TO THE RUINS. By Howard Nemerov. New York: Random House. 54 *pp.* $2.50.

THIS TIME THIS TIDE. By Rosamond Haas. New York: E. P. Dutton. 62 *pp.* $2.75

By I. L. Salomon

HOWARD NEMEROV suffers from poetic schizophrenia. He wouldn't be caught dead with a lyre in his hand. A university wit, he stifles his considerable gifts by exploiting not the excellences but the defects his masters (Eliot, Auden, Tate) have imposed on a generation of poets. "Guide to the Ruins" contains only a handful of first-rate poems; too many others lack the discipline of the writer's art. Good pieces are marred by a slovenly intrusion of slang and awkward phrase, and fail, since Mr. Nemerov's superb ear dares not be true to an authentic impulse. He slights accent and rhythm for the sake of being fashionable.

That Mr. Nemerov has an instinct for perfection is quite apparent in his war lyrics. These are organically sustained. What man has made corruptible in this little life is told with mordant wit and savage satire. In "The Bacterial War," "A Fable of the War," "The Hero Comes Home in His Hamper, and Is Exhibited at the World's Fair" his anger is controlled; his eye, objective; his spirit, fierce. Intense excitement went into the making of these poems, as in "Still Life" and in the psychological double feature "Trial and Death."

But Mr. Nemerov suffers from a dichotomy in personality. He must be modern and his modernity consists also of a studied carelessness in expression. In different poems where the fusion of language and image is precise, such slang, bad syntax, and doggerel obtain:

(1) Up from Egypt then did come
All the chosen and then some

(2) They . . . (cockroaches) . . . can
be drowned but not
Without you hold them under
quite some time

(3) When my teeth began to grow
That first opinion had to go

It is incredible that a skilful poet would knowingly obtrude such haphazard writing on the public. In the name of modernity, it is done by design. Had Mr. Nemerov rewritten his poorly-made poems "Guide to the Ruins" would have been an excellent book.

* * *

MISS Haas is still a poet of promise. The winner of the Avery Hopwood Award some years ago, she writes in a limited sphere with an intellectual integrity that is desirable but with a bias for poetic diction that is not. "This Time This Tide" is at best a weak, rather than a provocative, answer to the incorrigible moderns who startle by extravagance. Where they confound by eruptive metaphor, Miss Haas doesn't even please by old-fashioned trope. A Roman Catholic convert, she strives for metaphysical distinction in her religious poems. In these, as in her secu

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lar pieces, a sensitive introspection towards her personal world is always present.

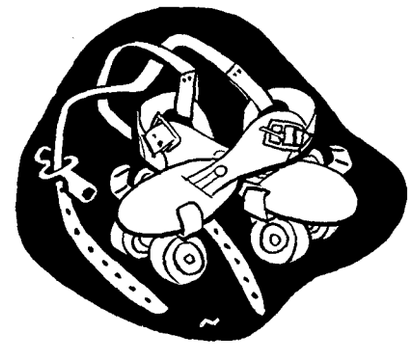
Her talent comes to life after the middle of the book, where half of the lyrics, if lacking in fire, are well conceived. The greater number of them read as if they were contrived. The substance of the poetry is overshadowed by a failure to identify the nature of objects in appropriate language. This is a hard thing to come by and Miss Haas is rarely rewarded. Her propensity for italicization quite often breaks the movement of individual poems. This device and the parenthesis must be used sparingly but Miss Haas preserves them with rather strong addiction.

To have "love and lust, twin streams, commingle" is to recall Shelley at his worst. To "hear another choir / Another indivisible" without enhancing George Eliot's lyric is to be pathetically pretensive. To speak of "noon / Whose green is yellow-white and bright / As snow buds flaking into bloom" is to achieve a synthetic impulse. And to depend on words like "ablaze," "afloat," "embayed," "ensphered" is to presume language hasn't changed in a hundred and fifty years.

A few pieces like "The Beach at Ludington," "Moment in Babylon," "In the Park" have a shy restraint and grace and show a craftsmanship that is merely an approach towards the poet's art.

Poetry Notes

SELECTED POEMS (1919-1948), *by Sydney King Russell. Falmouth Publishing House, Portland, Ore.* $3. In this winnowing of seven books of lyric verse Sydney King Russell has reshuffled his titles and arranged them by subject rather than time. In his three decades of poetry writing it is difficult to identify the early from the late except by nomenclature or journalistic clue. The inference is that Mr. Russell could always turn out a technically smooth and effective group of quatrains or couplets. He never is guilty of the flawed rhyme, the extra beat, or confused syntax, nor does he take the risks of the experimenter in form or subject matter. Within the limited range he selects Russell produces pleasurable and singable poems, some of which rise to a high level of achievement. Many of his lyrics lend themselves to song and it is not surprising that several have been set to music. If we were to find fault with Russell as a poet, it would be that he lacks enterprise, the kind of metaphysical daring that risks the technical blemish or the cloudy answer to



the eternal question mark which intrigues the poets.

The book opens with a well-wrought group of Shakespearean sonnets based on the lost-love theme. Other effective sonnets are found in the section called "Portrait Gallery," poems about people with idiosyncrasies that invited Russell's gently ironic pen, which has a kindly humor to soften his criticism of contemporaries. Some of his portraits, however, are types rather than individuals and the didactic summation often a trifle pat.

CLINICAL SONNETS, by Merrill Moore. Twayne Publishers. $2.50. What Dr. Moore calls a sonnet is a short poem, often fourteen lines, but occasionally fifteen or sixteen, rhyming infrequently, and at times iambic. That is not a definition of a classical sonnet, either Petrarchian, Shakespearean, or Spenserian. Moore's amazing energies have strained the margins of poetic enterprise and have excited the wonder and frequently the admiration of abstemious as well as liberal critics. He brings an excited vision to everything in his busy daily world and, like the boy with the clock, dissects the wheels of the human mind.

In his early works this curiosity evoked more genuine poetry than the current collection. Dr. Moore, unlike poets who attempt to edit and excise their own daily production, offers us everything and bids the reader select for himself. And there is some rich poetry imbedded in these diagnostic statements. Yet even these lines taken out of context lose luster in quotation. "Afternoon, with a Marine Biologist" gave me special pleasure:

He picked up a handful of sea-urchin shells
And asked if I knew the Dome of Tamurlane
And showed me one beneath a microscope.

There the arch was strong to stand the strain
And thus the turrets of mosque and minaret
Were built by this design that men had borrowed.

The architects had copied the sea-shell
While lesser men had plundered and women sorrowed
In tents as walls were razed and cities fell.

The question with Dr. Moore is, who is in command—the compassionate poet or the dissecting psychiatrist? I fear the poet is gradually losing out.

DESIGN FOR AN ARRAS, by Eleanor Glenn Wallis. Contemporary Poetry, Baltimore. $2.50. There is a sureness of verbal grasp in the poems of Eleanor Glenn Wallis, a tight rhetoric and a supple line to please the eye with a respect for craftsmanship. In her choice of subject matter she is most successful when she reports the natural event or reveals a woman's psychological reaction. "For One Too Possessive" is a candidly female statement, yet the poem makes a shrewd and acute observation:

A hound may be leashed and a young bitch
  taught to follow
Close to the heel by hill or wooded hollow
But there are creatures who flare
Like a flame in the path of the wind
  if you try to hold them;
There is no use to punish,
  no use to scold them.

In her short lyrics Mrs. Wallis shows a versatile gift in rhyme and metrical arrangement. In "Lunar Overflow" she brings a completely original and musical statement to one of the most difficult subjects about which a poet can be original:

Slowly the garden is submerged
  In tides of the moon;
One may see, where the larkspur
  Clusters at noon
    Water-weed clamber,
    Chiseled in amber.

Mrs. Wallis also introduces several well-wrought villanelles with minor variations of line. The opening poem, "Lemurs and War," presents an ironic situation but the idea seems a bit too obvious to be given this importance in a book with many superior poems.

—A. M. S.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Pope: "An Essay on Man." 2. Lowell: "The Bigelow Papers." 3. Spenser: "Faerie Queene." 4. Montagu: "A Summary of Lord Lyttleton's Advice." 5. Kingsley: "A Farewell." 6. Keppel: "Trouble." 7. Dryden: "Absalom and Achitophel." 8. Herrick: "To Youth." 9. Chaucer: "Ballade of Good Counsel." 10. Housman: "A Shropshire Lad." 11. Emerson: "Civilization." 12. Johnson: "Winter: An Ode." 13. Butler: "Hudibras." 14. Noyes: "The Secret Inn." 15. Pierpont: "Warren's Address." 16. Shakespeare: "Hamlet." 17. Longfellow: "A Psalm of Life." 18. Kipling: "Tomlinson." 19. Clough: "Say Not the Struggle Naught Availeth." 20. Congreve: "Love for Love."

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creations. To the majority of readers they are, if not old friends, at least old acquaintances. First encountered in print with those horrible illustrations which are uniquely found in Sunday-school literature, they have been encountered later in the paintings of the Western world, and in our memories their very sins are clothed in the measured solemnity of the King James Bible English. To add new dimensions to these curious, composite characters, avoiding at once the dust of archeology and the glitter of of DeMille production, is indeed a demanding undertaking. Suspicion, too, creeps in. When we read of Herodias, "with passion-laden loins," lying naked upon her bed while attendants strew blood-red anemones upon her, the horrid intimation that, with the addition of a few sequins, this will look very effective in technicolor, registers automatically.

The material on which "The Good Tidings" is based is enormously dramatic and might be intensely effective. But it demands a creative and original power far beyond anything which comes to light in this novel.

A Woman of Modern Iran

THE UNVEILING. By Grace Vishner Payne. Philadelphia: The Westminster Press. 314 *pp.* $3.

By Sara Henderson Hay

THIS is the story of a woman of modern Iran and of her struggles, even against herself, to throw off the shackles of traditional inferiority and to become an individual in her own right. Esmat was a devout Mohammedan, the daughter of a religious teacher of Islam, and Mrs. Payne's book follows her life from her fifth year, in 1917, to 1943, when her final acceptance of Christianity points the way toward a new conception of life and truth. Esmat's personal story is set against a background of changing domestic custom and of political upheaval. Mrs. Payne has lived in Iran since 1922, as the wife of the treasurer of the (then) East Persia Mission of the Presbyterian Board of Missions. She herself has worked as a missionary, as a superintendent of child care, and as a teacher in the Persian language of child care. As such, she is thoroughly acquainted with the country and the people of which she writes.

Her very familiarity with her material, however, leads her to assume that it is easier for the reader to follow the swiftly changing pattern of life during those tumultuous years and to grasp the significance of events than it actually is. And I find, too, a certain inadequacy of character delineation. Sincerely as Mrs. Payne attempts to depict the problems of her characters, their motives, their reactions, their emotional and intellectual development, there is a stiffness and a formality about them; even Esmat, whom she knows best and who plays the leading role, is rather unconvincing as a person, though the author tries hard to show us Esmat's inner conflicts, the emotional processes by which she struggles to meet courageously her domestic and economic tribulations, her kicking against the pricks of a dawning conviction that Christianity's tenets are the answer to her own and a world's need.

—*Voss.*

Grace Vishner Payne—"the answer to a world's need."

There is much in the book to be praised, however: its accurate and often extremely colorful and interesting description of life in the emerging State of Iran and of the beliefs and observances of an orthodox Moslem family whose traditions give reluctant way to a changing scene. The unfortunate position of Mohammedan women where marriage and divorce are concerned is vividly illustrated in Esmat's experiences. As a literary effort "The Unveiling" lacks distinction but it is a laudable attempt to make the reader understand how far the woman of modern Iran has progressed from her century-old status of almost absolute restriction and inferiority.

Fiction Notes

TRACY AND THE MAYPOLE, by Winston Clewes. Alfred A. Knopf. $3. Flaccid in language and flaccid in plot, this dreary novel about a dreary set of people has little to recommend it. Mr. Clewes is as objective and as realistic as all get out when he admits the reader to the dusty vacancies of his haberdasher hero's mind and when he writes dialogue the words he puts into the mouths of his characters are precisely those clipped and debased tokens normally swapped about among the British lower middle classes. Who, however, wants to inspect these undesirable voids and who would voluntarily listen to such mindless talk by the hour?

In this verbal murkiness lurks a plot that has nothing whatever to do with realism, objectivity, or anything, indeed, more recent than the yellowback shocker of the 1870's. It all hinges on one of those passionate Mediterranean persons who defend the honor of their nieces with cold steel and will settle for nothing less than the blood of a vile seducer. Bah, he says; Cara Mia, he says; Porca, he says; I will kill him, he says. His rich incredibility is only surpassed by that of the Byronic demon-hero from whom he gets his comeuppance in a fight on shipboard. "I took his knife from him and broke his back over the rail," the godlike being says modestly, rather in the manner of one of Stephen Potter's Gamesmen. There is a noble and virtuous character in the story to make a contrast with these two rough boys: he has a religious revelation at one point and compares it to getting your second wind on a cross-country run—probably an all-time low in religious metaphor, but Mr. Clewes achieves it effortlessly.

—Anthony West.

THE ANGEL, by William J. Blake. Doubleday. $3.50. It is to be wondered that Alexander I of Russia was not taken up earlier as a hero of historical fiction. The enigmatic contradictions of his character make the grandson of Catherine II, who is one of the most important figures of European nineteenth-century history, at the same time one of its most fascinating ones. Mr. Brooks records all the facts and the varying moods of Alexander's life: his being exposed as a youngster to both the revolutionary enlightenment of his Swiss tutor and the autocratic ideas of his military instructor; his ascendancy to the throne over the body of his dead father; his immediate reversal of Russia's foreign policy, and the stunning reform plans he was to desert at the first signal of

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failure. Naturally, the shifts and vacillations of Alexander's relationship to Napoleon occupy much space in this novel and on the surface Mr. Brooks does justice to all these phases, which culminated in the war of 1812. He also gives an inkling of Alexander's subsequent involvement with pietism and its pet child, the Holy Alliance, and follows the czar down the road to mystic-mysticism. The rest of Mr. Blake's tale has very little to do with recorded history; it embroiders on the legend according to which Alexander did not die in 1825 but lived on, as a recluse, for another twenty-five years.

What Mr. Blake is mostly interested in is the unhappy marriage of his hero, the supposed moral corruption of the European courts of his day, and the grand time rulers and statesmen had amidst the misery of the common man. How, between table and bed, they had the time to attend to their business—and for all their sinister reputation, they didn't do so badly after Napoleon's downfall—will remain a matter of marvel to the reader of this long, detailed, and rather dryly written novel. —ROBERT PICK.

SNOWSLIDE, by Carl Jonas. Little, Brown. $3. Somewhere at the start of this book George Stackpole, a novelist and one of its central figures, meditates: "Normally the writer took the prosaic and transposed it into the dimensions of art. But when the writer found life already composed in the Metro-Goldwyn manner it was . . . Well, what was there left for him to do with it?" It is an easy out for Stackpole, of course, for that is exactly the composition he finds, a whole slick scenario unwinding itself all about him with fatal and foreordained neatness. But not so easy an out for Mr. Jonas, who did not find this composition, we must assume, but made it himself, neat and slick, with his own hands. It is one more turn on the old "Grand Hotel" wheel. Here, they are at the Excelsior, a super-wondrous hotel high on a mountain on the ski trails of Utah; and it is the death under a slide of Chuchu Martin, a little Hollywood hellion, which holds the group in focus and turns them to telling one another the truth: a queen of a cosmetics empire (Principessa Beauty Aids), two ski instructors, an editor, an adventuress, Stackpole himself. It is competent, it has pace, it builds suspense, and it adds up to nothing at all. Nothing comes forth from this mountain but a conveyor-belt mouse, very small. It is for Mr. Jonas to answer his hero's question. What could he have done with it? —NATHAN L. ROTHMAN.

The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
MOZART—SYMPHONIES		
MOZART: SYMPHONY #41 ("JUPITER"). London Symphony, Krips. London LP: LPS 89 (10")	Two quite different sounds for same music. Krips ffrr is close-to, with steely highs, medium pre-emphasis, wide range; Rosbaud-Mercury is at greater distance (though not more live), more boost at high end, an evident cut-off of all highs above 6,000 or so. Not too nice a sound, and strictly non-hi-fi.	Two less than top performances; Rosbaud is better both in musical sense, phrasing, and in accuracy — Krips's London strings play unevenly. (Let's have fewer hi-fi Londons played in second-rate style. But Mercury could give its better performance a lot better recording.)
MOZART: SYMPHONIES #41 AND #39. Bavarian State Orch. Rosbaud. Mercury LP: MG 10038		
MOZART: SYMPHONY #36 ("LINZ"); #25 ("LITTLE G MINOR"). Pro Musica Orch. Klemperer. Polydor-Vox LP: PL 6280	Good tonal range, acoustics, a bit harsh in loud parts—but this is probably the performance itself, not recording.	Two "Linz" versions, both very competent. Koussevitzky's is accurate, brilliant, bit hard and superficial; Klemperer's Mozart is more taut, almost overwrought but he knows Mozart and his is the more subtle interpretation if less accurate in the playing.
MOZART: SYMPHONY #36 ("LINZ") Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky. RCA Victor 45: WDM 1354 (3)*	Somewhat dead sound compared to a companion #33 (below) — diff. recording location. But the sound is good enough, with fine range on 45.	
MOZART: SYMPHONY #33 IN B FLAT. Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky. RCA Victor 45: WDM 1369 (3)* (Recorded at Tanglewood) *Comparison:* SAME: Vienna Philharmonic, Von Karajan. Columbia 78: MM 778 (3)	Symphony #33, recorded at Tanglewood, has a fine, light-bodied resonance and good perspective. It is a better sound than #36 above. Tanglewood recording is best in these smaller-scale works. A top-ranking 45—and it's on 78, too. (But not LP, alas.)	#33 is an excellent symphony and should become a favorite along with #39, #34, "Linz," and others better known. Von Karajan's (Col. 78) is more finely wrought but heavier, often dead-slow à la Beecham. Koussevitzky's is light, fluid, relaxed—his best.
MOZART—SERENADES AND DIVERTIMENTI		
MOZART: SERENADE #5, K. 204 (strings & winds); SYMPHONY #22. Vienna Symphony, Swoboda. Westminster LP: WL 50-5	Beautiful tape recording (in spite of some minor slips); fine acoustics, balance, sense of solo-ensemble. The Serenade is one of best small-ensemble recordings I've heard. Symphony #22 is flatter-perspectived (but so is the music itself).	The Serenade #5 is first-rate music of this sort, beautifully, carefully played; ideal music for recording and it comes through remarkably. Slow mvts. especially fine. The Symphony is a minor work, superficial — by Mozart standards—but most listenable.
MOZART: SERENADE #3, K. 185. Chamber Orch. dir. Oubradous. MOZART: QUINTET FOR PIANO AND WINDS, K. 452. Yvette Grimaud, piano, quartet dir. Oubradous. Mercury LP: MG 10031	This Serenade is not well recorded. Lacks highs, acoustics are dead, pitch a bit uncertain. Inferior sound to Serenade #3 above. The Quintet is much better—good winds, piano a bit woodenly percussive. These Mercuries are supposedly tape-made but doctored in processing, it seems, to remove highs (?).	Is this less good music—or is it inferior recording-plus-performance? Seems dullish, where above #5 is exciting. On repeat hearings Mozart comes through, even so, and it's a record to own. The Quintet is major late Mozart—but wait for Westminster's version to compare with this (due soon).
MOZART: DIVERTIMENTO #15 IN B FLAT, K. 287 (strings, 2 horns). NBC Symphony, Toscanini. RCA Victor LP: LM 13 (10")*	Splendid music, played in a relaxed manner—except for the usual overfast tempi in slow movements. But I can't take the use of whole string section here to play what is obviously a solo violin part throughout. (Cf. the Toscanini playing of Beethoven Quartet with string orch.). In spite of extreme accuracy, the solo part sounds clumsy and unnatural in this form. (Note, too, that "strings" in these Divertimenti are interpreted sometimes to mean a quartet—the Lener's #17—or a whole string orchestra—the Philadelphia's #10. This is rightly in-between.) —EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.	

*also other speeds

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AMERICA CAN WIN THE PEACE

(Continued from page 7)

of humanity. The stigma of belligerence is thus pinned on America instead of on Stalin's breast, where it belongs.

The hand helping numerous nations threatened by Russia is the hand of peace but the voice can be misinterpreted to sound like a call for war.

The anti-Communist Voice, moreover, can, if beamed homeward too shrilly, become a cry against domestic civil liberties. In this way anti-Communism blunts the weapon that will defeat Communism, for the best antidote to dictatorship is liberty.

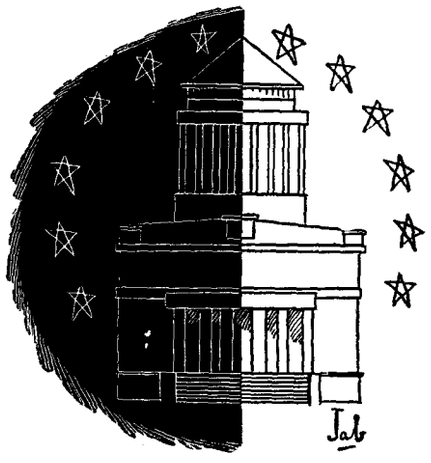
THERE are actually indications that Moscow is pleased by the anti-Communist furore in the non-Soviet world. The Cominform, which means the Kremlin, has been prodding the Communist parties of all continents to be more militant and violent and to undertake political campaigns in the national interests of Russia (such as strikes to hamper the landing of American munitions in France and Italy) even though they hurt those Communist parties. On numerous occasions since the Comintern was established in 1919 the Soviet authorities have sacrificed foreign Communist parties to what they thought were Russia's needs, and today Stalin appears to favor the suppression of the Communist movements outside the Soviet Empire because in the illegal underground his agents could control them more effectively and exploit them more completely for the greater glory of Russia *ueber alles*.

Above all, anti-Communism, which may be a completely convincing slogan in the United States, is negative and ineffective in many other countries. It has no appeal for Tito or for the numerous Communist-nationalists in the Soviet Empire to whom Muscovite imperialism is irritatingly irksome. Among the hundreds of millions inhabiting the old colonial areas around the Indian and Pacific oceans, the existing economic order is identified with hunger, while Communism, if they have ever heard of it, comes as a promise of an additional bowl of rice per day. Communism does not give them the instantaneous shock of horror it evokes in most Americans. Even in Western Europe, at least among the working people and the intellectuals, capitalism would run Communism a close race for the unpopularity prize.

American policy-makers should understand that not every country has had the fortunate experiences of the United States, where capitalism stands for an extremely high standard of living and considerable personal freedom. Capitalism in Asia, for instance, is reminiscent of foreign rule. It is the bleak past and the black present. It stands for slums, misery, usury, illiteracy, disease, and domination by a thin upper crust of business barons and political bullies. Anti-Communism in the mouth of capitalist America, therefore, arouses little enthusiasm; on the contrary, it arouses the fear of an alliance between the mighty capitalist system of the United States and the unenlightened, predatory, unimaginative domestic class of loan sharks, feudal landlords, and sweat-shop employers. Meanwhile the Communists proclaim themselves the wave of the bright future and paint Russia as the underdog's paradise. As a result Moscow, though totally counter-revolutionary itself, benefits from the revolutionary mood of the East.

Similarly, Russia, though aggressively imperialistic itself, benefits from the widespread anti-imperialist mood. The rise of Slav imperialism is not fully realized in many areas of the globe. After its birth in November 1917 the Bolshevik Revolution anathemized Czarist land grabs; Port Arthur and Dairen were restored to China; Poland and the Baltic states were granted independence; the absolute monarchy's designs on the Turkish Straits, the North Persian oil fields, and Manchuria were renounced and denounced. At the same time Lenin and his lieutenants attacked British imperialism in India and Burma, Dutch imperialism in Indonesia, and all European and American imperialistic adventures.

Today the British are out of India and Burma, the Dutch are out of Indonesia, the United States no longer



lands Marines in Latin America, whereas Russia is back in Port Arthur, Dairen, Manchuria, Poland, and the Baltic countries, and has revived Czarist strivings toward the Dardanelles and Iran.

Nevertheless, millions of minds, especially in Asia and even in India and Burma, do not understand this epochal reversal of roles; they still think England and America imperialistic and the Soviets anti-imperialistic. The memory of Lenin's anti-imperialistic renunciations survives all of Stalin's robberies.

Material to support charges of Soviet imperialism is close at hand and will win credence in China and Eastern Europe because of the obvious resemblance between Stalin and his political ancestors, the Czars of Moscovy. The Kremlin's sizzling hate and remorseless persecution of any Yugoslav or Pole or Czech who puts his country's interests above those of Russia (this is the chief reason for all the purges and trials in the Cominform colonies) would make the picture of Soviet domination of subject peoples unmistakably clear were it not for the blurring effect of another image or mirage: America's wish to spread its own type of economic system. The focus, therefore, must be on Russian imperialism and on all other imperialisms. Asia, Africa, and Europe would then be less inclined to believe the anti-Americanisms of the Communists.

Except as opposition to Stalin's new imperialism, American hostility to Russia is unintelligible to many outside observers. Literate persons everywhere recall without difficulty the wartime alliance between capitalist United States and the Soviet Union. America, they remember, sent more than eleven billion dollars' worth of lend-lease material to Stalin's Communist dictatorship. This gift, unprecedented for size and made without conditions or strings, helped to save the Communist dictatorship from destruction. It also helped the democracies win the war but it was not pure expediency. Although the Kremlin in May 1939 had dismissed Maxim Litvinov, the champion of collective security and peace, and signed the Nazi pact and immediately thereafter launched on its present career of imperialism, the democracies did not yet realize the scope and intensity of Moscow's expansionist drive. Until the Soviet-Nazi pact of August 1939, in fact, Soviet Russia had annexed no territory. The subsequent annexations, by arrangement with Hitler, in Poland, the Baltic region, and Rumania, were not universally recognized as the foundation stones of the new Soviet Empire. "We couldn't foresee," Vice

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President Barkley said recently, "that one of our partners in that war . . . would become so selfish and so domineering. . . ."

It was only in 1945 that some heads of democratic states commenced to see the danger of a bear roaming wild in the vacuum created by the defeat of Germany, Italy, and Japan, and by the weakness of France and England. Nevertheless, with a purblindness unmatched in the annals even of modern diplomacy, the West continued to appease Stalin. Not until 1947 did Washington, London, and Paris become adequately alarmed by the mounting ambition of the Moscow dictator.

Then began the cold war of resistance to further Soviet expansion. The expansion is the reason for Western resistance to Russia. The expansion threatens world peace and human freedom. It is a much more convincing argument in Europe, Asia, and Africa than anti-Communism.

Today, especially in Europe and some parts of Asia, American "materialism" and "class-consciousness" are equaled by Soviet "materialism" and "class-consciousness." A number of politicians and intellectuals in those areas accordingly favor a third or neutral position. But if they were made to see that Russian expansion is the enemy and that it menaces them more than it does the United States they would recognize America as their protector and Russia as the warmonger. They would not fall into the Communist trap of neutrality.

America can win the peace. The cold war can be won and the hot war prevented by rallying the largest number of people to our side. This should be the purpose of American foreign policy and from the purely practical point of view it would be well to realize that more of the two billion, three hundred million people on this earth will respond to the call of peace and anti-imperialism than to any other banner.

The conflict between dictatorship and democracy is undeniable; so is the conflict between Communism on the one hand and capitalism and the British Labor type of social democracy on the other. But wars and rumors of war help Communism (the Bolshevik Revolution was the child of the First World War and the Red regimes in Eastern Europe and China sprang from the Second) whereas peace, plenty for the lowly, progress, and national freedom create a climate in which the poison plant of Communism must wither and die.

Louis Fischer has had roving newspaper and magazine assignments all over the world. Among his books is "Gandhi and Stalin."

THE FINE ARTS

MODERN ARTISTS AND THE ANALYST'S COUCH

NOTHING, I imagine, brings our instinct for derision into more violent or senseless play than the mention of psychoanalysis. The number of facile wisecracks at the expense of this indispensable if troubled science must by now mount into the millions. I will do my best not to add to the total. Nevertheless, as applied to the interpretation of works by living artists, the science thus far has shown grave shortcomings. Some of these, separate in kind, are apparent in two recent books—Dr. Lionel Goitein's "Art and the Unconscious" (United Book Guild, New York, $3.75) and Dr. Daniel E. Schneider's "The Psychoanalyst and the Artist" (Farrar, Straus, $4).

Contemporary painting, oddly enough, though often condemned as lacking in subject, is today a favorite field for psychoanalytical research, and both the books mentioned above are concerned with modern as well as earlier art. Dr. Goitein's volume begins, in fact, with what is described on the title page as "a preface in graphic form"—that means an etching—by the eminent contemporary sculptor Jacques Lipchitz. So ponderous a phrase should be fair warning of the prose to follow. Yet I doubt that it would lead us to expect a sentence like this: "So, the guilt-laden artist dare not look up from his tortured dream of agony at the primal scene he has conjured in ipsatory imagery, reaching its orgasmic climax in the ninth burp, ere with satiation and detumescence the image fade." Included in Dr. Goitein's book is a glossary of the more abstruse psychoanalytical terms. I looked there in vain for an elucidation of "the ninth burp" and the remainder of the sentence is, for me at least, equally indigestible.

We cannot, of course, expect psychoanalysts to write with Flaubert's skill and we must certainly concede their right to use a specialized vocabulary in expounding their difficult subject. But this does not excuse Dr. Goitein's sloppy and melodramatic rhetoric, nor his frequent resort to highly subjective conjecture. I will pass over quickly his reference to Rodin's "The Thinker" as an image of "the metaphysician on his privy seat" though it is a quite fair indication of the book's raucous character. Far more important is the fact that the author's conclusions are so thoroughly arbitrary. In describing one of Miró's gayest pictures, for example, Dr. Goitein concludes: "How the artist must have suffered! However, he permits himself a small cocktail and gives his dog [critics] a clean bone of contention." That's a better bone than Dr. Goitein gives *his* critics.

DR. SCHNEIDER'S "The Psychoanalyst and the Artist" is a far more competent work. The general approach is professional. The style is readable and temperate and avoids Dr. Goitein's giddy flights. Yet many of the theories and conclusions are open to serious doubt. Take, for instance, the chapter on Picasso. In describing the Spanish master's evolution toward cubism Dr. Schneider refers persistently to the artist's sense of failure when on the occasion of his first Paris show (1901) he was criticized as an imitator of Lautrec, Steinlen, and Van Gogh. "The powerful genius of the sensitive Picasso," says Dr. Schneider, "would tolerate no further failure. Indeed, this failure lit up an earlier one—a deeper sense of loss and exile. It became the motive power of his painting and determined the form of his innovations. He was driven to invent and innovate exactly as Da Vinci was driven to scientific investigation, out of the same deep psychic forces." That psychic forces were at work in the young Picasso may well have been the case. But was the painter's sense of failure very deep at the time of his first Paris exhibition? If some critics called him derivative, others came to his defense and long before he invented cubism he was hailed by many authorities as astonishingly gifted. It seems reasonable to suppose that Picasso abandoned his "Lautrec" period primarily because he had outgrown a provincial's excitement over the *fin de siècle* pathos and mordant local color of an art achieved in Paris a decade before his arrival. He had found that Cézanne had opened a bolder, more promising road than Steinlen or even Lautrec.

As additional psychological factors

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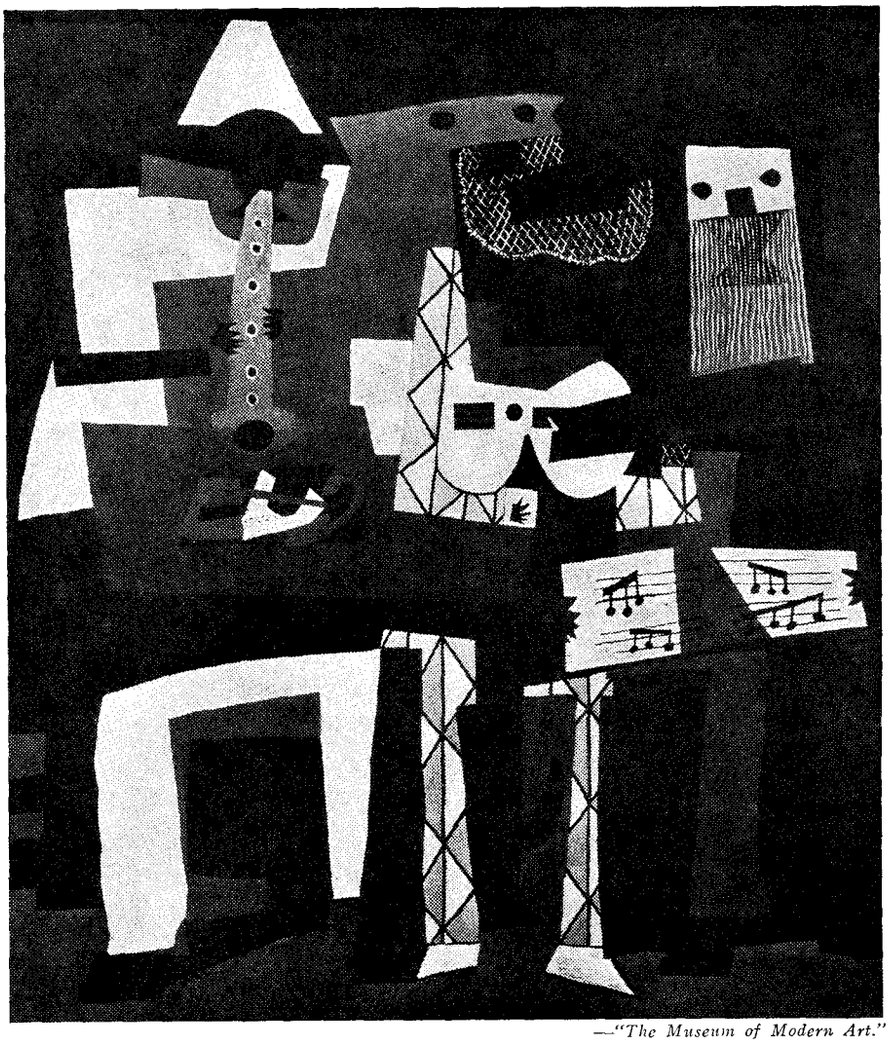
in Picasso's development, Dr. Schneider stresses the artist's love of his mother (and sense of loss at her early death), his resentment of his father. At this juncture the analytical method becomes orthodox Freudian. It leads Dr. Schneider to some rather tenuous conclusions. Among these is the hypothesis that Picasso's eventual rejection of cubism in favor of a return to realism was somehow motivated by the death of his father. "The cultists, who swarm around Picasso, might have been prepared for this gradual return to the technique of his early days, the technique of his earliest instruction, *since Picasso's father died May* 3, 1913, and the psychic way is open for a reaffirming of his identification with his painter-father. . . ." The fact is that the Ingres-like drawings to which Picasso turned in 1915 (this was two years after his father's death and he turned to them quite abruptly rather than gradually) are a long, long cry from his baroque or impressionist student works. And there are other points we must keep in mind. Cubism had been an austere and exhausting undertaking. After five years of it Picasso was probably ready for temporary change, particularly since his disciples were beginning to turn his discoveries into a scholasticism of which he is said to have disapproved. There was, too, the little matter of the advent of the First World War with its inevitable climate of fact, its pressure of objectivity. Even so, Picasso did not really abandon abstraction but merely supplemented it by a style that became more and more overtly neo-classic; the period of the mammoth Greek ladies is also the period of his "Three Musicians"—one of his greatest late cubist works.



—"*The Museum of Modern Art.*"

Picasso's "Three Musicians"—"a style that became more and more overtly neo-classic."

DR. SCHNEIDER gives a psychoanalytical reading of certain specific pictures by Picasso and also by Chagall. Here again the model is Freud, whose celebrated essay on Leonardo's "Virgin and Child with St. Anne" is the classic in the field. That it has remained so all these years is perhaps most of all due to Freud's extraordinary perception, his gifts of persuasion, and the fresh intensity of his research. Yet I believe that the great man was aided by his choice for analysis of work of art by a man long dead. The store of legend and fact about Leonardo is immense. And time itself acts in a curious way as psychoanalyst since opinion comes in from so many different directions, through so many eras, that in the end we tend to arrive at a rounded if not infallible conception of how a given old master's mind worked and why.

The situation is different in the case of living painters and sculptors. To offset time's helpful perspective, there is, of course, the possibility of direct medical evidence obtained from the artist himself. Given such evidence, psychoanalysis can unquestionably tell us much that is new and important about contemporary works of art. The trouble is that most of the current psychoanalytical treatises on art are written by men who have never seen, much less treated, the creators of the works under discussion. In other words, pictures are dissected in the abstract, with the dubious help of hearsay biographical information, without any clinical data on the artist's psychological state at a relevant moment in his career. Under these conditions we can hardly expect either thoroughness or accuracy and most psychoanalytical interpretations of modern art's iconography are likely to be ingenious rather than sound.

There is some proof of what I am claiming. At one of our larger hospitals hundreds of drawings by psychically disturbed or backward children have been collected, partly as an aid in diagnosis. The medical experts vary fairly widely in their interpretations of these drawings though the area of agreement is large enough to justify the project. In this instance, however, we are concerned only with patients under constant psychiatric supervision and they all belong to an age group—childhood and adolescence—with which psychiatric research has been most effective and exact. The problem is far more complex when an image by an adult artist, who is not even an out-patient, is involved; a distressing capriciousness of opinion is the perhaps inevitable result. But if the analysts cannot prepare first-hand case histories, and still are determined to splash around in art's ancient and treacherous tides, they can at least check their findings more carefully against those of the traditional art-historical methods. Otherwise they will often behave like a bather I saw once on a beach in Brazil. Despite posted warnings of the undertow, he shouted from the water: "It's perfectly safe. You don't need to touch bottom." He thereupon was carried swiftly out to sea.

—JAMES THRALL SOBY.

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Cabinet-making, Home & Pro

AMERICAN FURNITURE, 1650-1850. By Charles Nagel. New York: Chanticleer Press. 110 *pp.* $2.95.

THE STANDARD BOOK OF AMERICAN ANTIQUE FURNITURE. By Edgar G. Miller, Jr. New York: Greystone Press. 856 *pp.* $7.95.

CONSTRUCTION OF AMERICAN FURNITURE TREASURES. By Lester Margon. New York: The Home Craftsman Publishing Corp. 167 *pp.* $4.95.

AMERICAN GLASS AND GLASSMAKING. By Lura Woodside Watkins. New York: Chanticleer Press. 104 *pp.* $2.95.

By Rlene L. Howell

AS A small, general guide to styles and changes in styles in America Charles Nagel has produced a genuinely helpful handbook for the beginner. This manual does not deal with individual "masterpieces" of American furniture nor with specialized and "unique" pieces but discusses standard forms (tables, chairs, beds, etc.) in terms of their construction and the prevailing fashion.

Dispensing with the one-room, log-cabin theory and abolishing the *Mayflower* myth (bulging with "priceless heirlooms"), Mr. Nagel indicates the development of forms in architecture and furniture. The colonials imported, borrowed, and stole from England, the Continent, and the Orient yet developed an art in a manner distinctively American and sometimes peculiarly regional. Such native innovations as the highboy, lowboy, and chest-on-chest are noted. The influence of men like Inigo Jones, Palladio, the brothers Adam, Chippendale, Hepplewhite, and Sheraton is chronicled, showing the designs they developed as well as the American adaptations.

By and large, Mr. Nagel gives the reader a clear picture of the whole room of both the wealthy and poor colonial as well as a fairly complete description of the "makings" of the furniture, even to the woods used and décor applied. Unfortunately, the individual craftsmen and master cabinetmakers are only mentioned in passing.

It is to be remarked with regret that from Duncan Phyfe to the present there has been no taste in style or any cabinetmaker (except Belter) worthy of the name. Mechanization seems to have robbed us of the art of the craftsman. Perhaps, as Mr. Nagel hopes, the machine can be used to "encourage" design of merit and lasting worth.

Edgar G. Miller's "American Antique Furniture" has been reissued in one stout volume. Although the illustrations have been cut down, and Volume II in the original edition (1937) has been visibly shortened in this reissue, the bulk of illustrations and textual material from the first edition is all there.

Mr. Miller's book is primarily for the beginning student of American furniture and for the amateur collector. The text has been set up to serve as a simple guide post. Chapters dealing with particular types of furniture are divided into styles, sources, and makers. There is an explicit section dealing with details, in which Mr. Miller discusses such important matters as the cyma curve "ball-and-claw" foot, veneers, finishes, carvings, etc., all the fine points in identifying and appreciating American furniture. The book closes with some sound advice for the amateur collector.

One very great virtue of Mr. Miller's work is that a majority of his illustrations are chosen from private collections rather than public institutions. This is a real reward for a student of American furniture who seldom has an opportunity to see the treasures hidden away from the public's eye.

Although the book is primarily for the novice in the field, it still supplements such standard works as Wallace Nutting's three-volume "Furniture Treasury" and Luke Vincent Lockwood's two-volume "Colonial Furniture in America."

Lester Margon's "Furniture Treasures" is probably the best book in print on the construction of American furniture. The drawings range from Colonial cupboards and paneling, Pennsylvania chests and benches to Queen Anne highboys and Duncan Phyfe tables and chairs, all chosen for their excellent construction and beauty of design. Even such items as a cradle, a clock, cellarette, spinning wheel, and fire screen are included.

Anyone looking for the recognized "masterpieces" in American furniture will be somewhat disappointed, for there is not one Philadelphia highboy, Salem chest-on-chest, or New York State pier table. However, the thirty-eight measured drawings should be of interest to the home craftsman for they show Mr. Margon's regard for exact measurement and detail. In a chest owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art the inlays of maple, mahogany, and oak are given careful attention and the dovetailing of the drawers is handled with

skill. The veneer on a Sheraton-period sewing table is treated with great delicacy. Each piece shows the maker's art from the actual selection of the stock, the molding, and carving to the assembly of the whole. The drawings are complete and should be fairly easy for the home cabinetmaker to follow.

As a book on the history of American glass, Mrs. Watkins's "American Glass and Glassmaking" has many gaps but as a preliminary essay on the art of glassmaking in America the book has much to commend it. Although such giants in the glass industry as Casper Wistar, "Baron" Stiegel, and John Frederick Amelung are touched on sketchily, most important for the reader are the sections on the passage of ideas in methods from Europe to Eastern America and then to the Midwest and the development, techniques, and improvements in the art of pressing glass. Mrs. Watkins is obviously on familiar ground here. Unfortunately, too little space is devoted to the beautiful blown glass made in the colonies.

Rlene L. Howell is assistant in the department of decorative arts of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Art Notes

FRANS HALS: The Civic Portrait Groups, by H. P. Baard. Elsevier-Macmillan. $6.50. Probably it was because the people of the Low Countries had a predilection not only for portrait painting but for portrait sitting, too, that they excelled at this art. During his long career sitters kept Hals so busy that he hardly had time for other work. This volume deals only with his group portraits, six of them, but

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they are treated in great detail as the fifty-four full-page reproductions will attest. Twenty of these are in color. From these banqueting, drinking, or just posing groups not only single figures and heads are isolated but such fascinating details as a bit of lace, a sword hilt, or a hand with a wine glass are enlarged, showing the master's amazing *alla prima* brush work. For each of the six group pictures Mr. Baard, who is keeper of the Frans Hals Museum in Haarlem, Holland, offers a sketch identifying the sitters. A good part of the accompanying text is devoted to local history and genealogy of the sitters.

BOTTICELLI, by Lionello Venturi. Phaidon-Oxford. $5. Do not let the fact that the text of this large album of reproductions is in French frighten you away from it. The style of Lionello Venturi, one of the outstanding living historians of Renaissance painting, is so simple and direct that you need no great command of the French language to appreciate his twelve-page essay. For that matter, Professor Venturi observes that persons who wish to feel and dream with Botticelli in the more than 100 pages of reproductions that follow will have no real need for his comments. The reproductions were the publisher's choice but Venturi praises them highly, and with good cause. Most of the 104 large plates are of paintings but some drawings are also included. There are fourteen color plates, two of them double-page fold-ins.

GHIBERTI, by Ludwig Goldscheider. Phaidon-Oxford. $5. Rare indeed is the visitor to Florence who has not looked at the bronze doors of the Baptistry. Whether he stares at them, Baedeker in hand, amazed that Ghiberti worked on them for over half a century, or whether his interest is more scholarly or esthetic, this volume will provide pleasure and instruction. For the casual, there are many handsome reproductions and a highly readable text; for the serious a valuable collection of information buttressed by copious notes and references.

There are 141 large plates and forty-four *en-texte* illustrations, covering all the authenticated extant works of Ghiberti. The pictures, which are inserted throughout the text, cover a myriad of items, such as work attributed to him, those of contemporaries, and products of his workshop.

The text material includes Ghiberti's autobiography (published for the first time in English), Vasari's life of the artist, and an introduction and catalogue with notes on the plates by Ludwig Goldscheider. There is no other work in the United States to compare with this. —L. R. SANDER.

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PERSONALS

HOTEL ALGONQUIN, 59 West 44 St., NYC 18. Half a block from 5th Ave. We are offering week-end rates for July 1, 2, 3 and to 6 PM July 4. (3 nights); Single room and bath, $14; double room and bath, $20.50; sitting room, bedroom and bath $26.50. Air-conditioned rooms $1.50 additional. Excellent restaurant. Within walking distance of better shops and theatres.

LEARN TO THROW ON THE POTTERS' WHEEL. Basic training for beginners. 6 weeks course starting July 5. 2 hours per week. For details, call: Annie Laurie Chestnut, 315 East 85 St., NYC. RHinelander 4-6240.

FOR SALE: Quaint 200-year-old Nantucket cottage on ocean bluff, 6 rooms, furnished with 40-odd antiques, studio barn. $6,500. Box 670-C.

WRITERS' CONFERENCE, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colo. July 24-Aug. 11, 1950. Write for information.

GOING TO TANGLEWOOD? Art courses—Calligraphy on an adjacant estate. LENNOX SUMMER ART SCHOOL, Wheatleigh, Lennox, Mass.

"PARTIES—PATHOLOGICAL OR OTHERWISE"; "On Gambling"; "Mambo"; "Fear of Touch"; "Sexual Gentleman's Agreement"! In: NEUROTICA 6. $2. subscription. 143 West 53 St., NYC.

(Continued on page 42)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 41)

WORTH READING—"Look To The Rock" the astonishing Bible prophecy book. $1.50 postpaid. Box 862-C.

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information discreetly developed. Any matter, person, problem, anywhere. Worldwide. Officially licensed, bonded service. Established 1922. Reasonable. Confidential. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE. Helen Trimpe, 342 Madison Ave., NYC. MUrray Hill 2-5330.

YOUNG ENGLISH GRADUATE, Cambridge, qualified Geography, wide range subjects, wants year teaching, tutoring near NYC. Begin Autumn. Box 751-C.

36 FOOT AUXILIARY. Help paint now—sail all summer. Box 988-C.

ARE YOU A DEVOTEE OF THESPIS? Revel in the pages of Theatre or Stage magazine. Replete with wonderful photographic illustrations, 1900-1940. Single copy, $2; 5 copies, $8.75; 10 copies, $15. Bound Volume, 6 issues, $13.50. Box 162-V.

YOUNG FRENCHMAN, fairly lonely, intelligent, sincere, seeks stimulating female correspondence. Box 990-C.

HAS ANYONE a set of Linguaphone French records? Box 991-C.

FOR SALE: Artists' White Mountain home (Whitefield, N. H.) Built for comfort and convenience. 6 rooms, bath, garage, huge fireplace, over acre of meadow, trees. Beautiful view. Details: Mr. Sills, 4 East 46 St., NYC. MUrray Hill 2-1133.

BEAUTIFUL NEWLY RENOVATED 30 acre farm, modern conveniences. 8 room house, 2 car garage, large barn. Located on the sea with private yacht harbor in Vinalhaven, Maine. Private duck pond on property. Barn suitable for summer theatre. Box 994-C.

EUROPEAN WOMAN wishes write experienced playwright, producer to discuss possibilities put into play, dramatic story, based on problem peculiar to NYC. Box 995-C.

MATURE, SINCERE BUSINESS GAL, hobbies painting, music, seeks correspondence, mature male, similar interests. Box 996-C.

FOR SALE: Near Bethel, Maine, 2 charming remodeled houses, 35 acres in White Mountains. Hard road, electricity, modern plumbing. Box 997-C.

2 ARTISTIC YOUNG LADIES will share traveling expenses with 1 or 2 girls driving northward about July 20. Box 998-C.

BOOK AND RECORD SHOP, modern, annual volume, $125,000; possibilities $200,000. Located in downtown area of fastest growing city in county. 2/3 interest $25,000. Proof of financial ability to handle required. Box 1000-C.

COLLEGE YOUTH, stranded for summer, begs correspondence; music, theatre. Box 1-D.

FORMER NAVAL OFFICER, young, single, reliable, Annapolis graduate, hexa-lingual, widely traveled, seeks employment, preferably foreign. Box 2-D.

WANTED: Year-round occupant for ideally isolated modern Cape Cod house in southern New Hampshire. David Todd, Spaulding St., Amherst, Mass.

HELP! Teacher (female) desires share apartment, own room, west Manhattan. Box 4-D.

YOUNG MAN, 25, Harvard A.B., writing and drawing abilities, intellectual interests, desires work in New England, preferably Boston area. Box 6-D.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER (mature) would correspond with intelligent gal. Box 8-D.

MINIATURE ESTATE, Green Mountains near Brattleboro, Vt., 25 acres, delightful view, 2-level Cape Cod dwelling, 6 rooms, 2 baths, 2 fireplaces, horse barn. Box 10-D.

FELLOW FETTERED in federal "freins" seeks correspondence with cheeress uppers. Box 11-D.

GENTLEMAN, cultured, car-owner, desires position (also part-time) during week. Box 12-D.

A CONTINUOUS VACATION, VOCATION and permanent. Own and edit a weekly newspaper. With or without a plant. Small investment, adequate return. Printing experience not necessary. Write for List 18 and how-to-do. MAY BROTHERS, Newspaper Brokers, Binghamton, N. Y.

MATURE YOUNG MAN invites stimulating, adventurous correspondence. Box 13-D.

NYC SECRETARY will trade services for country week-ends. Box 14-D.

PERSONALS

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HOME FOR SALE. Groton, Mass. Unusual, livable, gray shingle house. Remodelled by architect owner from 1820 hillside wagon shed. Panelled living room, dining room, hardwood floors, 4 bedrooms, 3 baths. Photographs April YANKEE magazine. Hot water, oil heat, plumbing, excellent condition. 35 miles from Harvard Square. Near schools, etc. 1-1/3 acres. R. S. Sturtevant, Groton, Mass. Telephone Groton 485.

CHOICE CO-OPERATIVE APARTMENT FOR SALE. East 87 St., near Fifth Ave., NYC. Unusual opportunity for low down payment, balanced by monthly pay-off on mortgage plan. High floor, sunny, very open exposure, 2 terraces, 4½ rooms, 2½ baths, 7 closets, 2 large bedrooms, dressing-room. Many windowed living room. Dinette, kitchen. Radiant heat. M. Clark, broker. 853 Seventh Ave., NYC. Telephone: PLaza 7-2368.

ROOMS AND APARTMENTS on waterfront. Breakfast. Meals nearby. Quiet for studio work. Esther L. Lyons, Jamestown, R. I.

OPPORTUNITY for right party to buy leading book store, new and used books, in rich California community. Established 31 years. Owner selling on account of ill health. $15,000 cash. Box 19-D.

NEW, COLONIAL type dwelling, 7 rooms, 2½ baths, attractive wooded setting. Additional 8 acres obtainable. Box 10-D.

COMPETENT TYPIST seeks permanent employment, $40 a week. Box 20-D.

FREE OFFERING: any physical labor done gratis. Box 21-D.

FRENCH CONVERSATION and vacation in the White Mountains. Rooms and kitchen privileges. References. Madame Therese Eastman, North Conway, N. H.

YOUTHFUL, LIVELY LADY with zest for life, social, cultural, political aspects, wishes correspondence with mature gent of similar interests. Box 24-D.

INTELLIGENT YOUNG LADY, fond of music, desires correspondence mature, sincere, professional gentleman. Box 25-D.

MALE, Master's Sciences, traveled, lived Europe, Israel, 2 years, wishes literary inspiration, correspondence, U.S.A., abroad. Box 26-D.

TOLERANT, understanding, amiable guy invites stimulating, adventurous correspondence. Box 27-D.

ROOM AVAILABLE, young lady preferred; reasonable, quiet. NYC, TRafalgar 9-8106.

WOULD A S.R.L. AD provoke a reply from an idealistic but not ethereal female of some sentiment and with a domestic disposition. Box 29-D.

HEALTH AND DIET GUIDE mailed free upon request. Address: Essential Foods Review, 216 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago 6, Ill.

HEALTH BOOKS by recognized authors. For free folder address: Dantes Personal Service, 25 Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Ill.

MUCH TRAVELED LADY seeks correspondence with mature gentleman. Box 31-D.

SOUTHERN LADY seeks post as companion and personal secretary. Will travel. Box 55-K.

INTERESTING, intelligent lady seeks correspondence with mature man. Box 56-K.

MAN, mostly away, will share large, cool, riverbank, summer home, Yorktown with 2. Quite reasonable monthly. Box 695, Yorktown, Va.

IDEAL COTTAGE for artist, writer, 1 wanting solitude, rest, for sale. 5 rooms, furnished, piano, boat, beach, 14 acres on small rocky, wooded island, Boothbay Harbor region, Maine. $5,500. Box 35-D.

YOUNG WOMAN desires correspondence with male, varied interests. Box 34-D.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN, photographer, cultured background, needs vacation. Will drive party (their car) to any vacation point, photographing interesting places en route at cost, from NYC area and return for minimum of expenses. 3 weeks Aug. Box 32-D.

VACATIONS

PRIVATE CAMP, Essex, N. Y. Lake Champlain. June 20-Aug. 12, informal chamber music making, recreation, $35 weekly. Write: Alan Carter, Middlebury, Vt.

BERKSHIRES, cuisine, francaise, informal, restful atmosphere. SUN-INSIDE, Monterey, Mass.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to GRAYMONT. Good food. R.D. 2, Middlebury, Vt.

SUDBURY INN on Lake Hortonia, Sudbury, Vt. provides best in country vacations.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, New York. Delightful peaceful homestead. Adults only. Tempting meals. Inexpensive. North Clove 2421.

GREEN SHADOWS, Lyme, Conn., quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

LANIER-ON-THE-PISCATAQUA, Eliot, Maine. Tranquility, garden, river beach, crafts, $45.

CANDLELIGHT FARMS, New Milford, Conn. Country life at its best. Modern comforts. By reservation only.

KANDAHAR LODGE, Manchester, Vt. High in the Green Mountains. Private swimming, sports. Restful, informal. Library. Delicious meals. $35 weekly. Folder.

PRIVATE 60 ACRE wooded retreat. Allegheny's Western Marylyand. Swimming pool. Excellent food. Always cool. Room, board, $40 per week. HEMLOCK HOLLOW, Oakland, Md.

ENTERTAINMENT . . . FINE FOOD . . . TAVERN . . . Sports . . . Painting . . . Crafts in a delightful hideaway in the mountains. Chesters' ZUNBARG, Woodbourne, N. Y. Telephone: Woodbourne 1150.

LOOKING FOR A VACATION "out of this world?" Try KAATERSKILL, the unique GUEST COLONY at Jewett, N. Y. You'll find charm, cultural activities and high standards. Write for folder. Telephone: Karl D. Hesley, Jewett 521.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE COMPOSERS' CONFERENCE and Chamber Music Center, Middlebury, Vt. Aug. 19 through Sept. 2. Composers' clinic, readings and performances, recordings, professional and amateur instrumentalists, chamber music coached, chamber orchestra concerts, recreational facilities, renowned staff. Alan Carter, Director.

SOUTHWIND, Woodbourne, N. Y. Private lake, rowing, swimming, fishing. 4 tennis courts. Large classical recording library. 100 adults.

THE WATERMAN FARM, Lebanon, Conn. Telephone: Norwich 7-6592—accommodates a limited number of guests, who appreciate a cultured atmosphere and individual attention. Art collections, grand piano, large library. Golf and swimming nearby. Weekly rates, $45 up. K. H. Danzinger, Ph. D.

YOUNG MAN OWNER of old estate in Ireland will have young people to stay for $5 a day. Box 989-C.

BEACH HOUSE, guest rooms of BEE & THISTLE INN, Old Lyme, Conn. right on ocean front, private beach. Folder.

THE ALLEN PLACE: small; specialties: excellent food, mountain secenery, country life, interesting people. Moderate rates. R.F.D. 2, South Royalton, Vt.

YARMOUTHPORT, MASS. Rooms, private baths, beautifully furnished. Quiet, always cool. Box 9-D.

FOR SERENE, QUIET VACATION to write, paint or compose. Accommodations in private estate overlooking Hudson, 50 miles from NYC. Library, grand piano, tennis, wonderful view. Weekly rates with meals, $50 for 1; $75 for 2. References requested. Box 5-D.

IT'S HIGH TIME FOR HIGH POINT for good food, fun, music (live) tennis, swimming. No television. HIGH POINT, New Marlboro, Mass.

YOU CAN WALK TO TANGLEWOOD for the concerts this summer . . . enjoy good food, good beds, good company, if you stay at MUSIC INN. Alan Lomax concerts at MUSIC INN, July 1-4. Special July 4 rates: $40 and $45. Our Berkshire Almanac is available on request. Write: Stephanie Frey Barber, MUSIC INN, Lenox, Mass. NYC Telephone: MUrray Hill 5-0866.

SKY VALLEY RANCH, Tabernash, Colo. Riding, fishing; informal ranch life. Send for folder.

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Beneficent King of Judea after Nebuchadnezzar (Bib.).	80 158 22 126 164 112 143 62
B. Baleen.	152 92 29 8 34 55 170 19 82
C. A building erected to balance another; as the false mosque of Taj Mahal (arch.).	105 3 177 52 36
D. Quondam; former.	56 140 107 25
E. Scottish-born spiritualist medium prominent in U.S. for a while (Browning's "Sludge, the Medium.").	173 43 138 93
F. A fossil worm track (paleontol.).	46 131 4 95 167 44 67
G. Victorious peace made with Russia by Gustavus Adolphus, 1617.	175 113 1 125 104 136 87 18
H. Externality.	145 5 33 42 65 2 38
I. March 25 during the Middle Ages, in most Christian countries (2 wds.; colloq. sp.).	151 7 91 14 69 49 77 32
J. Excess.	133 110 86 68 50 28 171 146
K. Not constrained, forced, or compelled.	78 58 35 155 11 115 169 40 16
L. "The City of the Seven Hills."	12 103 134 88
M. A plant or species modified by abnormal environment (plant ecology).	21 127 160 54
N. Readily irritated.	137 48 13 148 172 90
O. Seventh month of the Attic calendar.	74 139 159 98 165 174 150 53

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
P. Softly bright or radiant.	81 163 101 10 106 30 39
Q. Middle portion of the human foot (pl.).	9 70 60 76 111 144 116
R. Concise; terse.	99 57 20 132 72 178 162 122
S. Overwhelmingly; unsparingly (3 wds.).	157 23 41 84 142 71 129 166 114 79 153
T. Rough with bristles, minute spines, stiff hairs.	83 141 51 124 45 31
U. American sculptor (1878-; busts of Longfellow, Whittier, and others in Hall of Fame, etc.).	63 17 100 64 85
V. Site of Research Institute in Palestine (Chaim Weizmann, director).	94 102 97 176 66 123 61 130
W. Remuneration for loss, damages, etc., sustained.	117 73 59 128 135 26 149 108 161
X. In the Battle at Lech, 1632, he was defeated and mortally wounded.	96 109 120 6 37
Y. Trees that "quivered" at Shalott on the way to Camelot (Tennyson).	15 168 119 156 24 75
Z. Of harsh and forbidding aspect; a huge giant in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."	27 89 147 118
Z^1. Noted cathedral in England, stronghold of Hereward the Wake, 1070-71.	154 47 121

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

1 G	2 H	■	3 C	■	4 F	5 H	6 X	7 I	■	8 B	9 Q	10 P	11 K	12 L	13 N	14 I
■	15 Y	16 K	17 U	18 G	19 B	20 R	21 M	22 A	■	23 S	24 Y	■	25 D	26 W	27 Z	28 J
29 B	30 P	31 T	■	32 I	33 H	34 B	35 K	■	36 C	37 X	■	38 H	39 P	40 K	41 S	■
42 H	43 E	44 F	■	45 T	46 F	■	47 Z^1	48 N	49 I	50 J	51 T	■	52 C	53 O	54 M	■
55 B	56 D	57 R	58 K	59 W	60 Q	■	61 V	62 A	63 U	■	64 U	65 H	66 V	67 F	68 J	—
69 I	70 Q	71 S	72 R	73 W	74 O	■	75 Y	76 Q	77 I	78 K	79 S	80 A	81 P	82 B	■	83 T
84 S	85 U	■	86 J	87 G	88 L	89 Z	90 N	91 I	92 B	93 E	94 V	95 F	■	96 X	97 V	98 O
■	99 R	100 U	101 P	102 V	■	103 L	104 G	105 C	106 P	107 D	108 W	109 X	110 J	111 Q	■	112 A
113 G	■	114 S	115 K	■	116 Q	117 W	118 Z	119 Y	120 X	121 Z^1	■	122 R	123 V	■	124 T	125 G
126 A	127 M	128 W	■	129 S	130 V	131 F	■	132 R	133 J	134 L	135 W	136 G	137 N	■	138 E	139 O
140 D	■	141 T	142 S	■	143 A	■	144 Q	145 H	146 J	147 Z	148 N	149 W	150 O	151 I	■	152 B
153 S	154 Z^1	155 K	156 Y	■	157 S	158 A	■	159 O	160 M	161 W	■	162 R	163 P	164 A	165 O	■
166 S	167 F	168 Y	■	169 K	170 B	171 J	172 N	■	173 E	174 O	175 G	■	176 V	177 C	178 R	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 20 of this issue.

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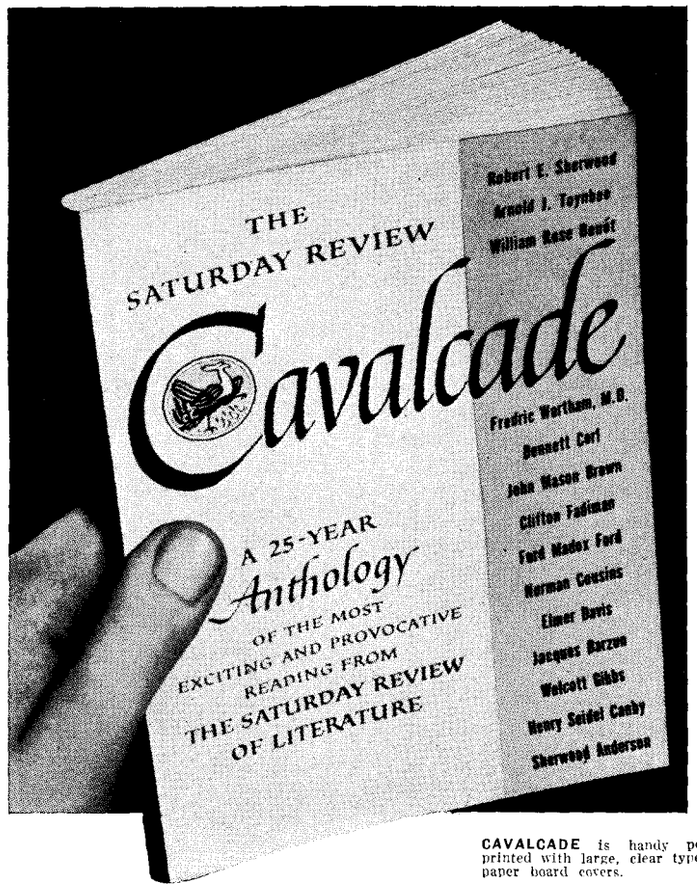

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